"THE KIDNAPED BRIDE," BY COL. CLYDE HAYNES, WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIII, NO. 6. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

BACK FROM THE DEAD;

Or, The Birthmark of Blood.

[Copyright by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

When Weston Allen found himself in love with the banker's daughter, he took a mournful satisfaction in estimating how much he would have been worth had he preserved half his income. After ten years of reporting for various Chicago newspapers, he owned nothing in the world except his clothes, several sets of books which he had bought upon the installment plan, seven dollars and ten cents—the remainder of last week's salary—his meal ticket, good for eight more twenty-five-cent repasts, and the name of being a good fellow. He was, in fact, a good fellow, absorbed in his work, heedless of the future, ready to give a needy companion the last quarter in his pocket, and, in consequence, go without his own dinner. He was a "man's man;" his life had cut him off in a great measure from the society of those women in whose sphere he had been and bred; and, being a man's man, he was a politician. Although he was at this time but thirty-five, his influence was considerable in state politics; and, as he wanted no position for himself, and never hesitated to spend his own money to elevate others, he had his fill of that glory which is won by being put upon committees.

His has been a happy life, contented to pass its days—or, to speak literally, its nights—in studying the joys and sorrows of others, much as one views the shifting scenes upon a stage. His heart was easily touched by the little tragedies skirted by the path of his professional duties, but the fat young suicide, the betrayed maiden, the deserted wife, the hardened murderer, the drowned child, were soon forgotten, the aftermath of these unfortunates who, for a brief moment appeared in the glaring light of publicity, then drifted away into gloom—this after-story belonged to cha ure ones, the telling of which could have made no "story" for the morning paper.

But a change had come. Of all the men and women who had crossed his vision with smiles, with stares, with dignity, with craft, with crime, with hate, one refused to pass beyond his knowledge and his thoughts. One returned again and again, looked over his shoulders as he wrote, or seemed to look, woke him with the thought that had carried him out to sleep, called him to take upon himself the cares and obligations which belong to every man because he is born of woman. This one was a woman, but not like the women who had called to him to stay the drifting of his boat and come ashore and dwell among brothers of grief and pleasure. Their voices had grown fainter, for he had closed to them his ears; but this voice grew louder and clearer, and he held his breath to listen; for the voice was dear to him; it was dearer than life; it was dearer than honor.

Edgar Felton was an old man who, having seen his loved ones pass away till only his daughter was left, concentrated upon her all the affection of his warm and rugged nature. Quick to anger, and violent in his passions, he gave her the tenderness of which death had sought to rob her when it shaded her young life from a mother's love. It was this tenderness which stood between her and her happiness. Convinced that a man's worth increases and decreases in direct ratio with his bank account, Weston Allen possessed to his perception all the remoteness and finality of the impossible. Nor did Allen's profession aid his cause. Edgar Felton's knowledge of the newspaper world was based upon neither theory nor fancy. His position in the business world had led to more than one midnight interview, during which he had been made to say what he had resolved the public should not learn. The reporter appeared to him a cool, impertinent, bloodless personification of Inquiry. Having no fancy, he did not see behind the figure of the neatly-dressed, clean-shaven questioners a despondent family or an unfulfilled ambition; and, having no craving for fame, the sequel of a column in the next day's paper offered

no compensation for a deserted bed, a cold hall, and a heart laid bare.

That Jamie loved the reporter, compli-cated what would otherwise have been a very simple situation. That she knelt be-side the banker's chair and with tears called her mother to witness that her happiness depended upon this intruder, led to some-thing of a compromise.

"We are what the world calls rich, father," said Jenie. "I shall have enough for both of us."

"No woman has enough for two," said the old man, abruptly. "But since your heart is set upon it—Heaven knows how this thing ever began!—and if you care for my consent, I'll not withhold—"

"You know, father, I will never do any-thing without your consent."

"Indeed? You just now spoke of dying. I believe, I did not consent to that, did I? God knows I am not the one to bring you misery. As for this Weston Allen—"

"You like him, father, you know you do! And you called him subtle and acute."

"Bah! The young fellow is well enough as a young fellow. He can go into a ward meeting where it's six to one against him, and carry every name on the delegation. But I doubt if he has money enough in his pocket at this moment to make a jingle! And marriage isn't ward politics. You can rule men without their consent, but you can't rule beefsteak and baker's bread without money."

"But, father—"

"For your sake, Jenie, I am going against all the instincts of my life. I'm not prepared to avow that I judge men by what they have made, for I didn't have much respect for myself till I owned my first thousand. But we'll never discuss that point again, since it's a man's point, and here is my final decision: If this Weston Allen leaves that paying, impecunious, and unprincipled business which has sapped up ten years of his life and ten or twenty thousand dollars, and if he finds another position which will provide a decent income, I will withdraw every objec-tion. No one shall say that I ever de-courted your mother—to be sure, I was worth a large farm—and I shall not stand in your way. I rest the matter with the fu-longs—upon Weston Allen's shoulders. Now let him move himself."

When Weston Allen heard this decree he was well dismayed. He had never once seen a possibility drawn taut within his being, as if he were sent forth to make a "scoop" upon destiny. That night he resigned his position upon the paper, and considered built his task accomplished. He was under necessary to find another occupation more congenial to the banker's tastes. He was not only spurred on by love, but by the knowledge that his affection was returned. If Jennie Felton could wait, surely a pro-cicle might be met except from circum-stances.

In young Allen's ward stood, among other saloons, one owned and conducted by Pat-rick O'Brian. Among the habitues who helped regularly to swell the majority of this ward, was R. P. Tredmer. Tredmer had an ambition, but O'Brian had power. O'Brian was the "boss" of the ward; Tred-mer had since allied himself to a flattering, evanescent society whose avowed purpose was "Sunday closing," so as few workers there would be held a primary to select a candidate for a position toward which Tred-mer's ambition strained the leash. It was one of those city official chairs endowed with a small salary, but upheld and, as it were, cushioned, by fat fees, inasmuch that it was considered something of an Aladdin's lamp to "the man who knew how."

The very day after Allen's resignation, O'Brian called him into the upper room of his gilded palace where so much politics had been concocted for the benefit of Cook County. "And the job is yours," the Boss concluded, "an' it's O'Brian as tells ye so. If I'am any accidint ye lose yer grip onto it. I'll grad ye the dough outer my own pocket."

"And the two thousand dollars—" mur-mured Allen.

"Yis, ye'll have to put some influince into the business. R. P. Tredmer will open his wheels like a watch took to pieces, but all I ast of yes is two thousan' an' I'll line up the bys. I ain't aiver forgot that Tred-mer is a banker." O'Brian never referred to Sunday closing; he preferred to base his objections to Tredmer upon patriotic prin-ciples.

"I think you may count on me," said Allen at last, "I'll see you about this again in a few days. If I can put my hands upon the two thousand, I am sure of getting the house far from the saloon when he was accosted by a bedraggled woman whose face had been cut in a railroad accident. Allen gave her a dollar, then remembering that the banker's husband was accustomed to take from her all she could make or beg, he placed in her finger hand his entire purse. There was but six meals. He was now worth, besides his prospects in the near future, exactly nine-tioned, five dollars and ten cents. It was necessary to swell this amount to two thou-sand dollars, and only he did not know how this was to be done, his hopes were high, for he was in love here in the flesh. He knew O'Brian was as good as his word when he said he would influence Tred-mer. With the two thousand, the posi-tion was assured which would easily pay back the loan in the next succeeding year for two. Yes, there must be a loan. Where could there be a lender? The way was ready.

And, by one of those surprising sequels of dovetailing events which are apt to be mistaken for happy chances, the lender was at that moment in the house of his lodging-house when he encountered R. P. Tredmer. It was the first time he had been to his home; not that he had any liking for the young man, but because he knew Allen possessed intimate friends in Tredmer. They discussed the situation till a late hour, Tredmer even volunteering some advice to him, and Allen imitating his example. It was all very impersonal and American, the need of the moment being going to cheer him a certain Willis was manifestly impossible for a young man like him, whereupon Tred-mer considered himself a foregone conclu-sion. Allen allowed him the supposition.

"Allen," said Tredmer, as the latter rose to depart, "it occurs to me that you may have some money coming to you before very from a small town, I understand—who wants to borrow money. I have five thou-mand I would like to lend on a good farm at seven or eight percent, and I'd like to have it secured for a term of years—of course that needn't be expressed in writing—but you may know some of your farmer friends whom it would pay me to look up—some one likely to want the money a good while, and Tredmer farm would be more than good for it."

I spent twenty years in experimenting before I felt satisfied that I had a certain remedy for Kidney and Bladder troubles. Now I can not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

Certain Relief

The worst lap in a wonderful chemical I found in that Jungle. I was astonished to learn I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure which would be proof against all failure. I call them, before I made an announcement—before I put a bottle on sale—before I asked people to "Show Me"—buy to-test! And my failures were—last 2 cents each.

This is one reason why I can afford to guar-antee that no Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but what will be permanently relieved. Another reason is the scientific which, I doubt not, could have been found in no other Jungle.

This chemical was very expensive. The duty, as I recall it, was $4.50 per pound. But what is $4.50 per pound for a REAL cure? Why, that's only a trifle—only a few cents—for a REAL relief from the greatest torture known to Mankind.

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is cheap. Quite the contrary. Cheap it can-not be—because it is not. Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but what is the best Rheumatic cure—that can be produced. I use no Jungle drugs that I can buy for 10 cents a pound. My laborers were—last 2 cents each.

This is one reason why I can afford to guar-antee that no Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but what is the best Rheumatic cure—that can be produced. I use no Jungle drugs that I can buy for 10 cents a pound. My laborers were—last 2 cents each

marble steps where in the warm dusk he had sat with his little family talking over the prospects of a day of pleasure while Michigan avenue blossomed with lights and happy faces. And he had been a part of that life!

At the stood across the street, trying to appear as a casual passer-by, he saw advancing the man who had ruined his life. His first impulse was to flee that he might avoid recognition. Then the fierce recklessness of despair took possession of him, and he faced about with a bewvy scowl. But R. F. Pelham did not recognize in the emaciated form, the pinched, pallid face, the great sunken eyes, the man who had obtained his money under false pretenses. He passed on and the ex-convict breathed with relief.

He spent several hours tramping up and down the street with wistful sidelong glances cast toward his former home. Once a curtain was moved and his heart stood still. Once he heard a chord struck from the piano, and he fancied it his wife's hand, and stood to listen—but silence followed. A face looked from a window, but he was at the corner of the block, and before he could return it had vanished. And yet, he was expected—if not today, tomorrow. His former wife had granted his petition for a glimpse of his daughter.

At last, shivering from the cold, damp wind, he crossed the avenue and approached the house. With labored breath he ascended the few steps and at their head paused, spent, as if he had climbed to the summit of a pyramid. His hand sought the bell, then dropped heavily to his side. What right had he here? He pitied himself with an inward groan. His hand sunk upon his bosom, and he paused for a moment, the image of despair. Then he turned and slowly descended to the pavement. Then his heart cried out against him, "My daughter! My Ellen! Shall I never see her again?" And now he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

He gave his name as James West and asked to see Mrs. Allen.

"Mrs. Felton," the maid corrected him. Yes—he had forgotten. He was expected, and was shown into the parlor. Much of the furniture was heaped in the middle of the floor. The carpet had been removed. The pictures leaned against the walls. Weston Allen stood a long time, waiting in the dreary apartment. His eyes were attracted by the family album, and as he stood beside the table he turned over its leaves hastily. His own picture had been removed. He shivered and threw his hand upon his heart. The room was cold and close. He began to pace back and forth.

The door opened, and a woman entered quickly and closed the door behind her. It was Jennie Felton, once his wife. She stood with one hand grasping the knob of the door, and her other hand upheld as if to warn him away; but he made no movement to approach. There was a deadlike silence while each studied the face of the other. He found her much altered. She looked older and more self-centered, and the repelling attitude of her hand found a counterpart in the expression of her steady face. He had often fancied their meeting—sometimes he had thought he could take her in his arms and kiss her once more for the sake of the old love, and for the sake of the new love—the love born of sin and anguish. But nothing of that nature was to be. She was shielding the ravages suffering had made in his face and form. But if she felt the slightest pity for his condition he could not know.

He broke the silence, and though his voice was thick and broken, his words were conventional: "You are about to move away?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Should you care?"

"Yes."

"To Ellbertown, Missouri. Our old lawyer is moving there, and it is an obscure place, where nothing of the past need follow us."

"I shall not follow you," he said, simply. "I ask—I do believe that all the harm I should daryou has been done. From this hour I go out in the world to lose myself. Never let the thought of my returning bring you any concern."

"For the sake of our child," she said.

"Yes, and for your sake," said Weston. "It was your plan," said Jennie. "Ellen's father is dead. It was you who would have it so."

"I thank you for remembering that," said the ex-convict grimly. "Indeed, you have always done my good qualities a thousand times more than justice."

Her eyes filled with tears, but her features were immovable. There was an uneasy pause, then he said hesitatingly, "It can do no harm for her to see me?"

"I think she will not remember," said Jennie.

"And she will not know who I am," he added. "If it endangered her happiness I should not ask it."

The maid left the room with a firm step, a calm demeanor, as if parting from a chance acquaintance. She marveled at her self-control, and wondered if a formal act of divorce had power to destroy the love of years. Presently he heard mingled with the sound of her steady, matronly tread, the light, quick approach of young feet. Again the door opened, and she entered, followed by a child of five years.

Weston Allen gripped the table convulsively as he looked wistfully upon his daughter. She met his yearning look with wide, curious eyes. They were gray, like her mother's, but of a darker shade. Her hair, which fell about her bare neck in curls, was of a rare golden gold. Her complexion was of a pure, warm white, a perfect blonde tint. Her little arms and legs were dimpled in a baby plumpness. Her wrists, enough delicate as the finest white silk, were plump and dimpled. Her mother's child! He fairly gazed he seemed to smell the tainted prison air and hear the clanking of his chain. The tears rushed to his eyes, and as he brushed away the drops, his eyelashes quivered between the vision and him. Like sunlight through bars.

He pleaded: "Won't you come and speak to me?"

"Yes," said her mother, "go to him."

Ellen advanced fearlessly. He knelt upon the carpetless floor, and, taking her tiny hand, drew her to him, receiving with sudden happiness. "What is your name, little darling?" he asked, in a low whisper.

"Ellen is my name," she answered, starting into his face with the unsympathetic investigation of a child. "Ellen Allen sf=g=gers. "Who is you name?"

"I am Papa," he said. "Love You."

"Loves me?"

"Oh, yes! you, Ellen, you, better than life!"

"Ain't that a funny name?" cried the child, turning to her mother. "Ellen Allen. Man Who Loves Me!" She laughed again, her eyes dancing with childish mirth. Then she gurgle, as if her chubby little person bottled up mirth and some of it were escaping. He smiled to humor her, and she went back to her to his bosom.

"You're a great, big man to cry, ain't you?" remarked Ellen, studying his features critically. "Maybe I know you my free dolls'"

"No, no, I want to see only you, Ellen. I have come to say good-by to you for a very long way—as far as the grave."

"Where is that?" said Ellen, solemnly, "down in the ground, down under where men walk—and horses. There's nowhere that's down. God is down under there, did you know it?"

"Yes," he said, in reply.

"Then you ought to go to Sunday-school," she said, reprovingly. "They keep God there, too. He goes to the church. Oh, yes, and we are going to move 'ou-s-a-ay' off, Mamma says, and I'm glad we move. Will you come to see us there, Man Who Loves Me?" she asked, with childish and curious name in her deep, mirth-provoking tones which were akin to hoarseness, "because as they grow older the unformed qualities of her nature; for what one day might be pride and vanity, the next be repartee, gentleness and courtesy, were misplaced by the next daughter of Eve.

He pressed his hollow cheek upon her curls.

"Will you come, Man Who Loves Me?"

"No," said the man who loved her, "you will come to me, dear, some day, when I'm as far as I have come."

"I would like to see you again," said Ellen, suddenly nestling to his side and, looking down, he found that she had lost her interest in him. Like all grown-up friend.

"I would give all I have to come," he groaned. "But I have nothing—nothing—not even—not even—"

A sudden sob choked him. Jennie Felton had dropped something upon the floor. He looked up and met her eyes—eyes which, as strange," she said in a low voice, "how some words sometimes fasten themselves in a child's memory!"

"Mamma," said Ellen, "you tell Man Who Loves me to come to see us there. I like him. He has such funny wrinkles up high on his face. And ain't his hair short! He is such funny."

There was a knock at the door.

"The man have come for the furniture," said Jennie, her quiet, light-gray eyes resting without visible emotion upon father and child.

"Yes—yes—I must go," said Weston. "I must go."

"I will let you kiss me," Ellen announced. "Good-by, Man Who Loves Me. I am not afraid of you a-tall. Put down your head like this—there. There! Now see what you have done, to get your face all scratchy—just like a baby!" She looked at him severely then her face softened. "But you are so sorry," she said, putting her arm about his neck, "so sorry—so sorry! I am sorry, too."

He drew a pair of scissors from his pocket and appealed to the mother. "May I cut a lock of her hair—just a tiny lock—one she would miss?"

"I will cut it for you," said the mother.

"Won't I need it?" asked Ellen anxiously. "Will more sprout up on the stump, mamma?"

"I will not do you any harm, darling, for I am the woman who loves you, you know."

"It's lots bigger fun," observed Ellen, closing her eyes during the hair-cutting, "to have to people love you than just one person."

"Here it is," said Jennie, holding out the little curl.

Weston extended his hand and the light hair rust'd upon his fingers soft as a child's sigh. She held the scissors in her right hand and as she placed the hair upon his palm, her fingers touched his. He saw the marriage-ring, and a sudden rush of color suffused his face.

He rose, and stopped abruptly.

"He is dead," said Jennie, withdrawing her hand.

"Papa is dead, too," said Ellen, opening her eyes. "Good-by, Man Who Loves Me." Then the child ran to her mother, went her way, and the gate of the garden of love closed upon him; for he had sinned.

CHAPTER II.

She who had once been Weston Allen's wife, but who henceforth was to be known as Mrs. Jennie Felton, followed the family of her father's old lawyer, Gregg Oliver, to Ellbertown, she rented a modest cottage, house and was sufficed either from the road or from the next dwelling, upon the corner. The young widow was reduced to live very quietly for some years, and in all ways possible to avoid publicity or marked notice. She believed she could thus rescue her child from the disgrace of its father. She was content to live for life, in all its youth and beauty, for this object: to deny herself everything, if need be, of a personal advantage, to seek for herself no happiness, no repose. Thus the object of the divorce was accomplished. All the life-burden which she had taken upon herself made her appear cold to strangers. It was thought she was the working of an unyielding will, without understanding of motives from which it arose. Could they have looked into her heart and seen the shuddering horror which she had sought was covering a dark secret, burying it deep, smoothing it with kindness of life existence, watching to see if it were disturbed, as if the secret were her guilt, and its discovery would bring condemnation, they would understand her coldness might have appealed to them as a hero's mark. The years counted her young, but the years were false, for sorrow had blunted her with age.

She was scarcely settled in her new home before the tenant of the house on the corner, a woman of about Jennie's age, came across the side-yard, carrying a covered dish. Mrs. Jennie was startled by a knock, as stopped under an apple tree, glad to be under any tree not in his own yard. It was a pleasant, motherly woman knocked at the kitchen door which was presently opened by Jennie Felton, who wore her sternest expression.

"This is Mrs. Felton, isn't it?" said the woman in a keen but cheerful voice, which rasped but also sued for liking. "I am Mrs. Glen, and I thought I would bring over something hot, and be a neighbor to you."

"It is very kind of you," said Jennie, whose nature had repressed all the gentler tones of her voice. "Will you come in? This is my kitchen, but—"

"Oh, I'd just as soon come in the kitchen as anywhere," the other assured her shrilly. "For I'm going to be a neighbor to you, and it's all I can be to anybody. But I'll not stop your dinner. You and I have the same privation, and the same blessing; our husbands are dead, but each of us has a child, and yours is a very pretty one, and so is mine, if I do say so. Just look at him now, talking to your little girl. Well, good-by; I'll be running in pretty often from now on."

"Thank you," said Jennie, stiffly.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Felton, that's all right. What with having no one to do for use, I am kept mighty close at home, but I am glad to have a neighbor to chat over, and I always have been, though the one before you it was pretty hard to be. There was shootings, you see, he would get drunk. Poor woman! She had to hide her house every drunken night long." She stood a moment looking at Mrs. Felton, as if still quite sure she had said all she started out to say. She was short and plump with a little head and a sunny look in the black, snapping eyes, rosy mouth and a quaint tipped-up chin—she was like a child in her dress of mourning, whose Sorrow had claimed as his child, but was not quite one of.

"I will always be glad to see you," said Mrs. Felton sedately. "Ooh—if you will always come to the other door—the side door, or the front—"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Glen assured her cheerfully, and so shrilly that her voice could be heard across the street, "I'll just come to the kitchen door—that's one part of being a neighbor to you."

In the meantime Ellen, seeing a strange boy under her apple tree, had gone forth upon a tour of investigation.

"Who are you?" asked the boy.

"Ellen," said Ellen.

"I am Jimmie Glen, and I am six," said the boy.

"Are you?" cried Ellen, enviously. "I am only five."

"Then I was only five," observed Howard, "but I am six now, and I will never be five again. I can frow you down."

"Frow?" cried Ellen. "Frow? Frow! Why don't you say frow? Frow is what you throw."

"I'll do it," said Howard, with a flash of humor, "and then you'll know what I mean!" Whereupon he threw his chubby arms about the plump little maiden and turned her over upon her face.

"Oh, you are a bad boy!" cried Ellen, sitting erect. "You have understood the correlative position, "and you have hurted my knee, too."

Howard unheroically began to cry.

"Never mind," said Ellen. "I'll show it to you. Maybe you'll hurted my knee, too," added, hopefully.

"I won't look," cried the boy. "I hate blood. I can't bear it. It makes me dreadful sick when I see it."

"I want to see blood," Ellen declared. "It makes me feel brave. I would like to be a soldier and make blood flow. Ha! I can't get down my stocking."

"I guess there was more blood in my family than in yours," cried Howard, rising to the quick. "My papa was cut to death in his bed, he was, and his blood just rained all over everything, an' on the floor and over mamma's neck and arms and breast, and he died there, all over blood, and I was born the very next morning."

"Oh, what?" cried Ellen, subdued. "Oh, no!"

"Yes, and the man that did it was a thief and they caught him, and he was hung, too, hung up by the neck till the breath was just choked to nothing."

"I never had anything like that!" remarked Ellen, deeply impressed.

Howard smiled blandly in his triumph.

"Maybe," remarked the girl, turning her

(Continued on page thirteen.)

NEVER FAILS to bring down the game if the skill is behind it. There are no better, safer or stronger arms made than

STEVENS

the shotguns and rifles that are universally regarded as the highest example of gun-making the world over.

We have just published a 92-page book telling all about guns and containing a full line of Stevens rifles, shotguns, pistols and many interesting articles on hunting and shooting. Send for this book before you buy another gun. It will interest and instruct you. Mailed for eight cents in stamps.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

If you will send two 2-c. stamps to cover postage. Our Sporting Goods Catalogue for 1905 will also be sent free—write for it.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO., 255 Pine Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS

Do you want a horse?

If you want a horse, or a bicycle, a gun, a camera, or anything else you've set your heart on, do what other boys are doing to get these things—sell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

in your town on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. Maybe you think it'll take a long while to earn enough money for what you want. But that all depends on yourself. Some boys make as much as $5, a week; others earn $3, $4, $5 a week. In our handsome booklet, "Boys Who Make Money," some of our boys tell, in their own way, how they got money for things they had long wanted, by selling THE POST. It tells how for the asking. We will send along with it, the complete outfit for starting in business, including ten free copies of THE POST. You sell these at 5c the copy, and that furnishes all the money you need for buying further supplies. Besides the money you make each week, we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc. And in addition

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who make the biggest increase in their sales.

Better send us a letter to-day.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1674 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE!

DR. WARNER'S

Latest Scientific Discovery for the Application of the Marvelous Substance,

RADIUM

In the certain cure of many heretofore incurable diseases, such as

Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Eye, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Blood Poisoning, Ulcers, Eczema, Diseases Peculiar to Women, All Nervous and Germ Diseases.

Dr. Warner's Radium Rings will destroy every germ in your body, and you can prove it to your own satisfaction absolutely without cost. Simply send your name and address and we will send you, all charges prepaid, a trial treatment of Radium Rings, worth $2.00, absolutely free.

No matter how long you have been afflicted, this wonderful new discovery, Radium, which you have heard so much about and which has stirred the whole scientific world can benefit them more than they ever did, or will ever, you as you will stay cured.

By the application of Dr. Warner's Radium Rings to any part of the body, dead tissues spring to life, inflammation subsides, pain ceases, the blood is filled with rich nourishing Radium life, and the bounding through bone and muscle, nerve and brain.

Radium Rings are not worn anywhere near the part of the sex upon a hair-blown zone. They make fresh rush coursing all parts with newness of vest and the bloom of youth.

Dr. Warner's Radium Rings remedy ever prescribed which is exactly what is known to contain all of all germ diseases, such as Rheumatism, Catarrh, Diseases of the Eye, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, Blood Poisoning, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Eczema, Dyspepsia, Diseases Peculiar to Women, All Nervous and Germ Diseases.

FREE We will send this trial treatment of Radium Rings, worth $2.00, to any sufferer, absolutely free, all charges prepaid, to prove our claims. Simply send your name and address and we will send you, all charges prepaid, and if they cure, tell your suffering friends.

Write now and tell us what you are suffering from, and you will receive by mail a book containing what others say after using Radium.

WARNER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
356 Dearborn Street, Dept. 6, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Steady Position and a Good Salary

The U. S. Government has thousands of steady positions open and salaries, for which it will pay you the Civil Service examinations. We can fit you by mail to pass these examinations and secure you one of these positions. Write us today and say that you want to be a Railway Mail Clerk, or any other position you desire, and we will send you our free 32-page book telling you how to get it.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 817 Scranton, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PLAYS New Plays, Dialogues, Speakers, Recitations, Minstrel Jokes, Make-up Goods. Large Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CARDS Send 4c for LARGEST and PRETTIEST Sample Book ever issued, containing 48 styles of cards, and full particulars how to get your own cards printed free. Send to-day, as you will not get another offer. CHARLES ENGLISH, 16 E. 42d St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of Poultry Supplies, Incubators and Brooders, sent free. Tells how to raise fine chicks, how to make money. This book only 10 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEM, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$37.50 — $50.00
EASY PAYMENTS

Strictly high grade Sanitary Closets, Hot Water Heaters, Fancy Tubing, Speedy and Sure. Agents Wanted. Write for terms and special proposition. Mention this paper. "The New Way," gives full particulars. Send for it—free—write for it today. Pay Sinks Co., 122 State St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Brooks' Sure Cure FOR RUPTURE

Wonderful Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful. No Obnoxious Springs or Pads. Self-Adjusting. Soft as Velvet. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No injection. No lies. No. Chicago. Call, Book 10, FREE.

SENT ON TRIAL.
CATALOGUE FREE.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 806 N 37 MARSHALL, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

and almanac for 1905, contains 324 pages, with many fine colored plates of poultry, true to nature, and reliable information on Incubators and Brooders. INCUBATORS and how to operate them. All about poultry and how to make it pay. It's really an encyclopedia of poultry. Price 25c, postpaid. Worth $1.00. **PRICE 25c.**

G. G. SHOEMAKER, Box 1, Freeport, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Save Two Profits Buy KITLEY Manufacturer's Prices. **BUGGIES**

From Factory to Consumer. Our 1905 Style Book, 160 pages, mailed free. Describes over 200 Vehicles and Harness. Sold on Split Hickory Plan of 30 Days Free Use Test. Shipped anywhere subject to examination. Save 25 to 40 per cent. Write now. Don't buy vehicle or harness of any kind for two years. We make high grade Split Hickory Vehicles and sell them at manufacturer's prices. Write now.

The Olde Carriage Mfg. Co. (W. C. Phelps, Pres.) Station 135, Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3.85 20 YEAR GUARANTEED

Buys this 20 year guaranteed Rogers Bros. Knife and Fork, Beautiful Pearl handle, Full Nickel Silver Bolsters and Shields. Send no money. Send name and address and we will send the knife and fork to you by mail, postpaid. Pay the postman $3.85 on arrival and if not satisfactory return them and we will refund your money. Send for our free catalogue of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Guns, Bicycles, Etc.

R. E. CHALMERS & CO.,
103 and 105 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Crimson Quintette;

The Mysterious Secret of No. 13.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 4, Jan. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Later on that same evening, several guests came to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, for it was the custom for the old friends to gather there once a week. Grigsby came with his wife, much more charming as the happy Mrs. Grigsby. Geoffrey and his young wife; the two engaged couples; Mr. and Mrs. Wellsley, and Cora Templeton. After the rest, Hugh Badley sauntered in, and lingered by his betrothed, for whom he entertained a very warm admiration.

Mr. Wellsley was gayer than usual, and his cheerful voice could be heard throughout the beautiful rooms. Mrs. Wellsley smiled, and was gracious to all, and as she saw how sweet Bessie had grown, with the new delight of her engagement upon her, her anxious heart began to realize that happy marriages can be made although the groom be younger than her ideal age of thirty. Bronson contributed largely toward this, for he made the conversation with her, saying pleasantly:

"I am glad, mother, that Charlie is to be made happy."

"Yes, my dear son! but he is too young."

"Charlie is in his twenty-first year."

"I know, Bronson, but he ought to wait until he is at least thirty."

Bronson gave a pleasant laugh, and raised her plump, pretty hand to his lips as he replied:

"My darling mother, I am afraid you say that because I am thirty myself."

"Nothing would please me better than to have Charlie like you in every respect."

A cloud came over the handsome face. "Don't say that, mother. Rather have him like his father. I shall be the only man in one when he married, and I know no man was ever happier." Bronson looked actually blushing, the good lady had to confess herself bested.

Geraldine had just finished playing. She was a very brilliant performer, and there was a lull in the conversation as Bronson crossed the room to his wife's side. Cora Templeton, standing near them, was more beautiful, and yet, strange to say, more repulsive, than ever. She was robed in vivid scarlet, and enhanced the striking every line of her figure, and far too much of her persons neck and shoulders, in a simple friendly gathering. A string of rubies, so rich as to attract attention, clasped her neck and looked like drops of blood. Her lips were but the shade of the rubies, and Hugh, gazing at her, little thought the gentle lady of the house were polluted by something vile, and unspeakable in the same sensation, although he struggled against it, and spoke pleasantly to her. A guest was sacred in his eyes.

Suddenly, as he was speaking, Cora's keen eyes fell on the large, antique-looking ring, set with an immense ruby, that Bronson wore on the little finger of his left hand, and she cried, her clear voice penetrating every room:

"What a curious ring, Mr. Livingstone! I am delighted with it."

Bronson paled, and said something about his being honored, but Clarissa knew he was annoyed.

"Where did you get it, Mr. Livingstone?" she persisted. "It is not taken from Clarissa?" Cora, of all the friends, called him Mr. Livingstone. To the others he was Bronson.

He smiled, and returned lightly.

"It is one of my secrets."

Cora smiled knowingly, then, turning to Clarissa, asked suddenly:

"Do you know where he got it? Perhaps it is a love token from another woman."

"My wife knows full well about that," Bronson broke in quietly, but his eyes showed a smouldering fire.

"Well, if I were your wife I would never rest content until I knew exactly where you got it, and how. I think all wives are never seen without it. You are too complacent, Clarissa," and she laughed her unpleasant laugh, which sounded strange and forced.

"I am content with whatever satisfies my husband." Clarissa said in her gentle, conciliating tones, as Mrs. Wellsley called her, and exclaimed:

"It is just such women as you, Clarissa, who make the bad men of the world. You make heroes out of villains, and tell them they can do no wrong; and set them on a pinnacle. Some day your god will fall down and you will discover his feet of clay, see if I am not right," then before Clarissa could respond, she turned the subject, and Bronson strolled away. Clarissa, as she answered the various queries the young lady put to her, was thinking of a conversation she and her husband had had over that very ring. It was during their early engagement, and he was talking about a ring he was going to have made for her, when he could find a diamond to suit him, and she had said:

"Give me this, which you always wear; I would rather have it," and he had turned very pale, as her white fingers touched the ruby, and said quickly:

"My darling, I will give you anything else but that. I have made the resolve never to go without that ring, which has a curious little history, and so you will forgive me, I know," and in his kiss she had forgotten all about it until this night.

Later in the evening, as they were sitting about the heavily-carved mahogany in the dining-room, Cora leaned across the table and asked, a tone of envy in her voice:

"My dear Clarissa, aren't you proud of your ring? I'd give my soul for one like it."

Clarissa flushed slightly, and glanced at the magnificent diamond keeper on her left hand, which held the golden wedding ring in place; hardly both together were deemed too lose for the slender finger—then replied:

"It is beautiful, but probably I regard it more highly because it is my engagement ring."

Cora smiled as she replied:

"Of course, any one with such marvelous diamonds as you can well afford to regard a two-and-a-half-karat ring as a sentimental pledge. Where in the world, Mr. Livingstone, did you get your wife's diamonds?"

At this seemingly simple question, Bronson felt as though a knife had pierced his heart. Geraldine would be obliged to wear jewels with which his pure, innocent wife was wont to adorn her person state on occasions?

Without waiting for him to reply, Clarissa said with a sweet smile:

"He probably searched the world over for them, for he is thinking of going to Australia to see if it will result in pleasure for me," and then the conversation ran along general lines.

The brilliant Cora had not finished her persecution, however, for when all were adjourned to the bowling alley in the basement, and the men proceeded to bowl, shedding their coats and rolling up their sleeves, she approached Bronson's chair, and, seizing Livingstone's right arm in both her hands, which felt cold and clammy to him, exclaimed in her usual tone:

"Did you ever see such a terrible scar? Where did you get it?"

Every one looked annoyed. Really, this young woman was exceeding the bounds of decency. Clarissa remembered well the first time she had seen it, nearly a year after her marriage, and had commented upon it by pressing her tender lips to it, and asked how it had been inflicted. He had flushed painfully and given her an evasive answer, and she had somehow gathered that it was in a fight among men, and he had been injured, and she knew that he did not wish his good deeds known. She thought, too, when she heard the young woman's hateful voice commenting upon her husband's person, the gentle soul rebelled, and she said in a tone none had ever heard her use before:

"Cora, if you knew Mr. Livingstone as well as I do you would know that he hates his good deeds as carefully as many men hide their evil ones, which is a form of love because of the kindness of heart it represents, was inflicted while he was risking his life to save others."

Cora stepped back abashed, but she did not feel quite like the admiration of Bronson Livingstone as he heard his wife defend the one he had gained while breaking into the First National Bank at Marvelia, and stealing half a million dollars. His companion, Grimes Grigsby, was in a guilty fear lest he should betray him, and it was some time before the usual cordiality of feeling was established.

Before he left that night, Geoffrey drew Bronson aside, and asked quietly:

"My friend, will you tell me why you wear that ruby on your right hand? I, too, have never seen you without it."

Bronson hesitated.

"You know you can trust me to the utmost limit. I am frightened and want to know the truth."

"The truth, Geoff, will not reassure you. I bought this ring from an old curiosity dealer at Tacoma with part of the twenty thousand I obtained in that first bank operation. It was owned by Louis VII. of France. Under this ruby is a secret cavity. The small cavity is something which will prevent my ever being brought to trial if my good star sinks, and I am captured," and Geoffrey did not sleep that night for the first time in his vigorous young life, for he knew his beloved friend wore an old-fashioned poison ring, with which he could inflict instant death upon himself.

CHAPTER X.

"Vice in its own, pure, native ugliness."

Two o'clock had struck, and everything was silent as the grave on a certain night and after Christmas. The city of Groton, Minnesota, was wrapped in sleep, and none of its inhabitants knew that in the very center of the business district three men were skilfully robbing the leading bank of its deepest secrets every week.

This bank was a massive stone structure, with the figures, "1904," cut in the Fourth street, the leading business street of the place, in an imposing manner, and it was a few doors from the corner of Avenue. The watchman slept in the bank building, and the vault had recently been installed, and the bank officials felt very secure existing in the enormous amount of money lying behind the wonderful mechanism of the combination door.

The watchman slept peacefully, not even turning over, and indeed there was little danger of his being disturbed, as the faces covered by red masks, worked rapidly and noiselessly, and were not aware of their method of entrance. All the locks and bolts were found intact. The tallest of the trio was kneeling before the combination, working with numerous little instruments, seemingly innocent, but possessed of his magical fingers.

By the side of the sleeping watchman Hugh Badley stood, with pillow in hand, ready to still any alarm from the watchman's throat. The other slender, still boyish figure might be seen standing guard in the door of the front window.

The scene looked peaceful enough, and the three men, so busy at their work, held their very lives in their hands, for they were unarmed. Never during their long years of robbing had any of them ever carried a weapon or used anything but their wonderful skill in accomplishing many burglaries, but no one had ever been seriously injured by them. Bronson Livingstone had been firm in he enforcing this rule. It required a certain amount of courage to face the chance of being shot down at certain death, and yet had all of them become so accustomed to the life that this very danger appealed to them.

Finally Bronson gave a little cry of satisfaction, as the heavy door swung open and he applied his skill to the inner one, which yielded to his every power. He had a cracksman's curiosity regarding this combination, and was delighted in conquering the difficulties which had vexed him.

"Geoff," he called in a low tone.

Geoffrey was by his side in an instant,

1817 Our Book "A Fair Customer" Mailed Free. **1905**

Kentucky's Great Whiskey

Order **FULTON WHISKEY** by Mail

EXPRESS PREPAID FROM DISTILLERY DIRECT TO YOU.

The public has been frequently deceived by the reckless and extravagant claims made in the advertisements of fraudulent concerns. Therefore, we have adopted the most rigid investigation of these facts for your consideration.

U. S. Medical Endorsement. PRESTON PITTS, M. D. Coningore, for eight years U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, Sixth District Ky., at Covington, Ky.; to whom you may write, stated after a thorough investigation of Fulton Whiskey, that the processes of manufacture you had adopted the very best and most approved methods for producing a pure, wholesome whiskey.

The Medicinal Properties, Purity, Maturity, Mellow, Delicious Taste, and the Absolute Odor of FULTON Whiskey have been highly recommended by physicians, placed it in the wards of Municipal Hospitals and U. S. Government Hospitals everywhere, as a tonic, and for medicinal purposes, and is prescribed in the leading medicine books of thousands of families.

Fulton Distilling Co. Own and operate U. S. Registered Distillery No. 22, with offices and shipping warehouse located in Covington, Ky. We refer to First National Bank, all Express Companies, and every business house in Covington, Ky.

We ship, all express charges prepaid, in plain boxes, two gallons FULTON Pure Old Whiskey, direct to you, on receipt of cash, in Myers' patent glass demijohns for $5.00. Or, if you prefer

Send No Money

with your two gallon $5.00 order, as we ship on terms of 30 days to persons who will have their bank or merchant guarantee that they are honest and reliable, and will allow us time for goods to prove the superior quality of FULTON and place it in the hands of your neighbors. Otherwise, cash must accompany order. If not satisfied, return at our expense, and all paid will be refunded by next mail. Your neighbors know Fulton. Reserve Fulton will be sent FREE to those who assist with two gallon orders.

Orders for one gallon are shipped, all express charges prepaid, in four full quart bottles or our demijohn **ON RECEIPT OF $3.00.** Return if not satisfied, and your money will be refunded

Address **MYERS & COMPANY,** Warehouse No. 172 Factory **COVINGTON, KY.**

Orders from Colorado, Utah, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, California, must call for six quarts, $5; by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

and together they carried out the gold and paper money. Gerton was the center of a rich farming district, and crops were just sold, so the haul was a large one. With deft fingers they made three packages, and Bronson, carrying all of them, climbed through the scuttle and dropped easily to the ground in the alley, having first lowered his bundles. A block away was a handsome automobile, in which he had come over a hundred miles that very night. There was no moon, and it had not been detected, so, with a light heart, he sprang into it and was soon moving rapidly down the road in the direction of St. Paul.

Ten minutes later Geoffrey and Hugh climbed through the scuttle, put it back in place, and in turn dropped to the alley. Geoffrey was then traveling for a New York publishing house, carrying a line of cook and fancywork books, and had won many an order by his handsome face and bright, dashing manner. Hugh had an excellent stock of gent's hosiery, and had astonished even himself by the amount of business he had secured. He had opened an account with the bank they were just leaving, and proven such an agreeable companion that the president had invited him into his private office, and in the course of their conversation given all the details of the new vault door. Hugh was stopping at the Gerton Mansions, the leading hotel of the place, but Geoffrey had been boarding with a widow, and was regarded as a prince of lodgers, as they removed their masks and burned them, in the shadow of a fence, laugh said gaily:

"Well, another good job. Some more presents for your wife, Geoff."

To his surprise the young fellow doubled up his fists and said angrily:

"Just drop talking of my wife here," and Hugh opened wide his eyes, but on his way to his hotel he did some hard thinking.

"The boy's conscience is beginning to hurt him," he thought. "I know Bronson is beginning to appreciate what such a life really means. We ought to call a halt. All made off with enough to cripple us, if not to ruin the bank."

Hugh saw the gentleman who had given him the hand of friendship sink back in his chair, aged by a score of years. He heard the kindly voice which had only pleasant words for him, grow hoarse with pain and emotion, and he wished with all his heart that they had spared this institution.

At last the old man raised his face, so drawn and pinched, and said firmly:

"Keep this a secret if you can. I will telegraph for money in every direction. If I can get it on present risk, the bank will ride over."

If Hugh had dared he would have offered some of his own immense fortune, but he was forced to content himself with uttering words of sympathy, and registering a vow not to get on intimate terms with any proposed victim. Later he felt his heart glow when he saw by the newspapers that the bank at Gerton had recovered from the robbery and was on an excellent financial basis. Surely some leaven is working. Men—some he brought into contact with good, gentle women without feeling the effect of their influence, no matter how quiet and unspoken it may be.

CHAPTER XI.

"The poison in a woman's tongue."

The first of the new year came and went, and January was nearly its close when, upon a bright afternoon, Fern Griggsby and Geraldine Saunders were sitting with Clarissa, and chatting as women will, but without malice in their hearts or upon their lips. The husbands of all three were from town, and they had been speaking of the loneliness which always prevailed at such times for them.

"I hate to have Geoff go away from me," that young man's wife said plaintively. "Do you know he seems at times younger than I?"

"I wonder if he would agree with you, Cornelia?" Clarissa said, smiling.

"No, of course he wouldn't, and at times

"What a curious ring, Mr. Livingstone!"

of us have more money than we can use, and yet we go on tempting fate. Of course, we have always been successful, but if the boys begin to have conciseness, it means failure. We have to have more stud, and look at these things philosophically. The world owes us a living, and we are earning it by the sweat of—blood," and he looked very serious.

Geoffrey's walking away toward his boarding-house to slip in throughtes window, felt his heart beat uncomfortably, and a sense of impotence pressed on him. He remembered Gerry's soft arms about his neck, and her dear face as she had bidden him good-by, and added:

"God, take care of my darling one, for without him I do not care to live."

How dared he play with her deepest feelings in this way? He shook himself, and, gaining his bedroom, slept like the boy he still was, forgetting everything in the delightful dreams he had of his wife and their happy home.

The next morning Hugh went to the bank and was warmly welcomed by the Gray-haired person.

"I was just going to send to your hotel for you," he said genially. "I want you to dine with me tonight."

Hugh commenced to make an appropriate answer, when a cry of dismay came from the outer room. It was so terrible that the president threw down his pen and looked toward the door. Before he could reach it the cashier burst in, his eyes starting from their sockets.

"We have been robbed!" he gasped.

"Robbed! How?"

"The vault has been opened and all the gold and banknotes taken," was the quick reply.

The venerable president staggered, and only Hugh's arm saved him from falling to the floor.

"Our combination——" he fluttered.

"Did not stop the daring scoundrels. How they entered is a mystery, but they have he seems as old as the world itself. I suppose his neglected youth accounts for that."

"I expect, Gerry, you are like Clarissa and me—inclined to exalt your husband; but then you have a very good excuse."

Gerry looked from one to the other, as she exclaimed, girlishly:

"Have we been jilted?" but before either could make an appropriate answer, Bessie and Verna came in. The former was newly married, and Bessie's wedding day was scarcely a month old. Verna and Tom had been quietly married one morning, and had started off on a wedding trip, telling no one of their intentions, and they had just returned.

"We came in, girls," she laughed, "to condole with you on your widowed condition. I, too, am alone."

Bessie smiled and said that she trembled to become a bride, if such were to be her fate.

"No danger, Bess. Charlie is tied safely in the city," Verna replied, and they were thoroughly enjoying their chat, when a sixth was added to the group, much to the displeasure of Geraldine Saunders, who made herself so disagreeable that she now had few friends.

She came sweeping into the room in an astounding costume, which made her girlhood friends open wide their eyes in astonishment. The suit was made entirely of the brocade of which Clarissa's wedding was rarely becoming. From the fines down were appliqued the tail feathers, making a magnificent finish to the skirt, which trailed behind her. A vest of rich green velvet, heavily encrusted with gold embroidery, gave an elegant finish, and she had a dainty little hat, in which were several gold ornaments and a tiny peacock of jewels quivered in front. It was a costume for a princess, and yet it seemed appropriate for this strange, brilliant creature. Verna gave an exclamation as her keen eyes took in its gorgeous details, and she said enthusiastically:

"You have a magnificent suit, Cora, and I know it is your own design."

"Like it?" Cora asked, languidly sinking into an easy chair.

"It is beautiful," Clarissa said heartily.

"I'd like to have something different," she say, Clarissa, if I had your jewels, do you know what I would have?"

"No, what?" Clarissa asked placidly.

"I'd have a dress made of cloth of gold, and simply cover it with jewels. I expect you could have such a one, couldn't you?"

"Very likely, but you see I do not care personally for such richness of dress. Bronson has a weakness for white, and I seldom wear anything else."

Cora sniffed. "Do you dress alone for him?"

"Just about, my dear," and as she spoke Clarissa wondered who else she would dress for, or who beside her husband could exert any influence over her.

"You all seem to adore husbands. I suppose, Verna, you have commenced to run in the same path, and now turned toward the bride, her fip curling.

"Can you point out any better models?" was Verna's answer and question in one.

"My dears, you are all practically brides yet. Wait till the wear of courting days, that is spent, then you will see how heavily your chains weigh upon you," and she laughed discordantly.

"You have so much experience," Verna suggested, with a forced laugh. Cora's allusions looked reproachfully at her, but she felt she was justified.

Cora's face flamed scarlet. "I wonder if you meant that unkindly?" she said slowly.

"You brought it on yourself," was the quick reply.

"Perhaps. I suppose by it you mean to fleer at me because I did not throw myself at the head of the young man kindly picked out for me by Clarissa."

"Cora, dear," pleaded the gentle hostess.

"Oh, I know what you all think—that I am breaking my heart because Hugh Badley has run off with his bank and pocketed at my feet. How do you know that he didn't do it for the same thing, and that is I wouldn't marry him if he were the last person in the world?"

"Dear me, I do not think you will be asked," Verna said, smiling blandly.

"You are well informed. However, if your husband does not object, I am sure I would like to have a little chat with you, and envy any of you except Clarissa, and I give her full warning that if she leaves him a widow—I'll take him myself."

All the ladies looked naturally indignant and wronged, for just at this time such a remark was particularly inappropriate and disgusting. Clarissa grew grave very pale, but said quietly:

"Cora, dear, please do not jest about such a thing. When you are married, and are approaching a trial like mine, you will know how anything like that cuts," and Cora had the grace to apologize. However, as she left the house and entered her carriage, she was thinking; and, leaning back, she said half aloud:

"What is the mystery that hangs over these men?" Bronson Livingstone, Allen Grigsby, Geoffrey Saunders, Tom Hazelton and Hugh Badley are not like other men. I realize it, grew if their stupid wives do not. There is something under the surface, and I want to know what it is."

She looked down at her marvelous costume, at the elegantly appointed carriage, drawn by matched grays, and frowned:

"It is so hard to have what one wants. Those men seem made of gold. Those girls have jewels worth a king's ransom; sables, sealskins and velvets. Their carriages and horses are finest I have ever seen. Where does that money come from? The men have settled vast amounts upon their wives, but where did they get it? Bronson Livingstone—ah! there's a man for a woman to love—had plenty, I guess, but he must be making more, and yet they, the other men are traveling, but for what purpose? If they are simply saving money, they could not afford what they spend, let alone the luxuries they heap upon their wives. If I could only overcome Hugh's objection to me, and become his wife, I would soon ferret out the secret."

Once more she paused in her musings to look at herself, but resumed her train of thought:

"Why does Bronson Livingstone wear a poison ring—for I am sure it is one of those secret rings—and never take it off? Why should he be so miserable when a remark on his wife's jewels? What caused that scar on his right arm? Has it any connection with the injury he sustained just before his engagement to Clarissa? What relation does all this have to the mansion which takes these men out of town in so mysterious a way? They had scarcely seen you, Cora Templeton, and taught their wives to look down upon a girlhood friend. It is your place to pay back insult for insult, scorn for scorn, and let those beware who have created the shadow of wrath."

She knew nothing then of the Crimson Quintette nor of the Mysterious Secret of No. 13; yet nothing was safe were she to commence investigating.

In next week's issue of the Ledger will be found further chapters of this strange and extraordinary story. To each subscriber we still send our free cameras and patterns; see announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Hopeless Case.

"I fear, my dear madam," said the physician, "that your stomach will never recover its healthy tone. It is worn out to the simplest diet imaginable."

"Ah, sir," cried the patient, tears rolling down her cheeks, "would that I could! But that is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"Because I am the wretched woman who supplies photographs of fashionable food to the fashion magazines. In order to photograph them I must prepare them, and as I cannot afford to waste expensive materials, I must eat them."

The physician started from his chair.

"It is certain death!" he cried. "What have you eaten today, my child?"

"I had for breakfast a biscuit filled with whipped cream, two olives, with a maple sugar and grated cheese centre, the whole surrounded with a wreath of daisies for decorative effect. For luncheon," the horror deepening in her eyes, "a large ripe tomato stuffed with cold lobster a la Newburg and chopped nuts, served with a sherry and cayenne dressing. This was topped with a pure white meringue pudding, on a few orchids were laid lightly about the plate. That made a beautiful picture, sir."

"And they call men brave!" muttered the doctor. "I now understand why so large a percentage of my patients are women."—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in Life.

A Boy's Query.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doin' now?"

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE
TO WOMEN

If you are a helpless sufferer from any of the fearful diseases which afflict women, such as painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, constipation, indigestion, falling of the womb, chronic discharge, inflammation, tenderness, pain in stomach or bowels, we want you to **write us freely** about your case, and we will send you **Free Medical Advice** as to what to do to get well. All letters kept secret and reply sent in plain, sealed envelope.

For quick relief and cure of all female complaints take

Wine of CARDUI

Relieves Women's Aches and Pains.

PRICE 81 A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

FREE TREATMENT BLANK.

Age? ..... years
Married? ..... years
Youngest Child's Age? ..... years

MENSTRUAL PERIODS.

Painful? ..... Regular?.....
How often? .....
Continue ..... days
Profuse? ..... Scanty? .....

DO YOU HAVE PAINS IN YOUR

Head? ..... Shoulders? .....
Breast? ..... Limbs? .....
Which Side? ..... Back? .....
Bowels low down? .....

Legs? .....
Constipation? .....
Indigestion? .....
Sick Stomach? .....
Dizziness? .....
Nervousness? .....
Fainting Spells? .....
Sick Headache? .....
Heart Palpitation? .....
Bearing Down Pains? .....
Whites? .....
Sleep well? .....
Have you had Miscarriage? .....

NAME .....
P. O. ..... Co. .....
R. F. D. or St. ..... State .....

☞ Fill out the above blank, sign your name and address and mail it today, and we will send you a letter of **Free Medical Advice** by Competent Specialists who have given careful study to your case. Address LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT A., THE CHATTANOOGA MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

GREAT TEN CENT OFFER.

Send us ten cents, in coin or stamps, and we will send you, all charges prepaid, (1) a copy of our Cardui Weather Chart and Wall Calendar for 1905, prices ten cents; (2) a trial package of Thedford's Black-Draught (Laxative), price ten cents; (3) a 32-page book on Home Treatment of Female Diseases, price five cents; and (4) Ladies' Birthday Almanac for 1905. Worth twenty-five cents. All for ten cents. Address as above today.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
33 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 115 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $1.50 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all Foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE,
AVERAGE MORE THAN
625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of this Ledger can be had by addressing as above. Always give the number, volume desired, plainly write, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling canvassers to solicit subscription, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. Be proud to subscribe for your favorite publication but the Ledger alone no or else be well known in the city or village where they have been established against an old line paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and punish each person so now traveling from town to town in different sections of the country claiming to be connected with this paper and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

The average man has a mania for posing as his own hero.

The more a man is wrapped up in himself the colder he is.

It is a peril of a different hue that confronts Russia now.

It's a poor doctor who is unable to make a patient cough up.

Blissful ignorance is often succeeded by knowledge that blisters.

Men who are subject to hay fever should steer clear of grass widows.

Now watch the Japanese proceed grimly to fortify Port Arthur for keeps.

Between the deserving poor and the deservedly poor there is a vast difference.

Why does not some genius come along and put up California weather in cans for the frosts?

After a millenium retires with a fortune he keeps in practice by pumping up his automobile tires.

Stoessel's decorations now comprise several leather medals as well as a number of laurel wreaths.

A scientist is a man of learning: among other things he is apt to learn that he isn't fire-flam proof.

That Delaware situation contains possibilities that are enough to make Governor Folk's mouth water.

Perhaps if they would let him alone Governor LaFollette could be Governor with one hand and Senator with the other.

The Lord made woman—but the dressmaker made the bustle specially to constantly trying to invent improvements.

A bill making football a felony has been introduced in the Nebraska Legislature. No one in the State, however, has yet suggested any limitation to automobile exercises.

Before the railway interests began making the present demonstrations no one would have believed that being obliged to obey the law could be such a dreadful experience.

Kuropatkin might turn the tide of opinion at home by licking the Japanese, but Oyama is so ill-mannered that he refuses to consider such a solution of Russia's difficulties.

This story that Hetty Green has a doughnut for her lunch every day should be discredited. Probably some enemy is trying to spread the notion that she is leading a life of reckless self-indulgence.

Governor-elect Douglas of Massachusetts once lived in Colorado, but doubtless he is thankful he moved away, for Massachusetts is a much more comfortable State than Colorado to be governor of this year.

GOLD AND GLACIER;

or Love in Alaska.

BY FREDERICK F. OBER.

[Copyright by the Author.]

Begun in No. 3, Jan. 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

Gold, gold, gold, gold!
Bright and cold; hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, barbered, bought and sold:
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold, gold, gold, gold!

Swiftly fell the darkness of the Arctic night. Quickly shrank the days, the sun departing from the world for months, and instead of twenty hours for work and four for sleep, the isolated miners had darkness and twilight as their constant companions.

First a skimming of ice on the creek, then a solid sheet of crystal over the surface of the river; the glacier drippings of the gulch grew less, and finally ceased flowing altogether, their sources locked in the embrace of the ice-king. The ponds and lakes froze, the snow fell, covering the ground with ice, and the swans and wild-fowl flew southward. The caribou, herding in great numbers, tracked the snow fleece, wolves and foxes prowled about the edges of the camp.

The snow came softly, silently, dry and powdery, and covered the country as quietly as the moonlight, which was almost its twin in sleeping chill. Slowly, steadily, the mercury fell, and both bulb and thermometer it registered forty degrees below the zero point, and at one time, in February, indicated sixty degrees. Yet the miners were prepared for it, and experienced no great discomfort from cold, save that they gave care and labor at their chosen task.

They had brought with them woolen shirts, stockings, and heavy blankets; from a band of Indians wandering across the upland they had purchased heavy deerskin reindeer "parkees," or hooded coverings reaching from head to foot, moccasins, mittens, moccasins and "muckaluckas." Thus encased, in double covering of wool and fur, they defied the cold and laughed in the face of the storm.

They worked steadily and persistently, and after the stock of whisky remaining from the trio's outfit had been captured and cached by Hestwood and Brown, for use only in emergencies, there was no interruption to the mining operations. Siwash and his chums grumbled a good deal, at first, after the liquor had been taken away from them, but soon as the first craving had passed away they accepted the situation as the proceeding and submitted gracefully.

"Kern's right, boys; he's dead to rights in this matter. He don't want us to get any nearer less 'n he'd do himself. Business's business. But, by the holy jumps, won't we whoop 'er up when the ice goes out!"

Thus spoke Siwash, and his cronies responded wistfully, "Won't we, though!"

"Wot's the good or gold, if we can't spend it, hey?" he argued, on another cold, dark night, as they were burning out a shaft in a corner of their claim. "I've got plenty of gold ter last my lifetime; tew buy whisky 'nough ter carry me, et, fer tew be a hundred. Now, when the good ice workin' without whisky, hey?"

"Well," answered Kern, "it's the first place, you can't get it. In the second place, it 'ud spoil your appetite for gold and fur. Can't you see that?"

"No, I can't say that I think it is at all funny. I don't think it's funny to see a man of your abilities throw himself to the dogs a man of your sense just walk right into the devil's arms. I'm glad I'm alive, just think what a fool you are to do yet!"

"Do—eed if you ain't right, Kern; et 'usual, you make a blame sight better say, 'n, Kern, yew don't reely think I have any 'bility, dew yer?"

"Think so? I know it. Why, if you haven't ability, and patience, and courage, and persistence, how could you have discovered this placer? I mean it. I say it's a pity you haven't just a little more backbone—just enough to give John Barleycorn a knockout blow!"

"I wish I hed, Kern. Blamed if I don't wish so more 'n yew do. But yew're the fust feller ever said I had 'bility. An' yet don't call me 'Siwash,' nuther. I wonder why yer don't?"

"Oh, I don't exactly know, myself; I suppose I instinctively avoided it because—well, because it's a sign of degradation. If you hadn't mixed up with those low-lived redskins you wouldn't have got such a nickname. I'm giving it to you straight, Tom, and you know it."

"Yew be, an' that's a fact. But it ain't nothin' more'n I know myself. It's true, I ever'y word, an' yew ain't no slouch tew say it. But, I'll tell yer, Kern, it all come along up a girl I was in love with, up home, more 'n twelve year ago. She give me the sack, she did, an' I come straight here. An' I thought if I wa'n't good 'nough for her, then mebbe I wa'n't good 'nough fer enybody; an' feelin' that way, yer know, I took up with whatever come in my way."

"That was bad policy. No man ever gets down into the mire but he helps to pull himself out again. At any rate, he ought never to give up thinking so."

"Yes, mebbe. But, Kern, a man can't pull hisself out of a hole by his boot-straps, ken he? Ef he can't, he'll probably need help ter help him."

"Can't be, just? He isn't good for anything unless he can. You don't suppose we are here brought into this world just to be depended upon somebody else, do you? Seems to me that's kind of cowardly."

"Seems so, Kern; I reckon I think on 't. But we was speakin' uv my troubles. Didn't yer ker more uv yer own, Kern?"

"Troubles of my own? I should may so." Hestwood spoke lightly, but across his face there flitted a look of pain at the recollection of them. He had silently fought them out in the days just passed, but more or less successfully crowded them out, by hard work. Night came, and with it sleep; however, their specter haunted him, in spite of his persistent efforts to forget. Siwash had marked the change, however, and his twinkle came into his eye.

"Now, look here, Kern; in fact, some of the boys hev hinted thet you'd hed a particular right smart lot uv trouble, lately. Now, I'm goin' ter ask yer, as a friend, ef they was a gal at the bottom of it."

"Can't be, Siwash; I don't right know they 're to gabble about my affairs?" he demanded angrily. "Some one just passed, for

now, and will soon cover my tracks; but if they do track me, and if they will fight me, then I'll give 'em all the fight they want! I've got my Winchester and thirty rounds, besides my revolver and a pocketful of cartridges. Come to think of it, Tom, I guess I'll borrow your huntingknife, if you've no objections, for if I shoot any game I shall want to cut it up."

"Certainly, Kern, take anything they is in the shack. But say, let me an' Arthur here go 'long with yer; it'll be lonesome out thar in the snow."

"Yes, Kern, let us go along," added Evelyn. "We can't stay here and know the wolves are on your trail, and rest easy, old man. Come, take us along."

"No, Arthur. You just stay here with Tom. It isn't your funeral. I want you to tell 'em I'm out there on the tundra, and I want 'em to follow me, and we'll settle this affair, for once and for all. So don't any of you dare to mix in—understand? About day after tomorrow, if I am not in, you might take a pasear due northeast a few miles, and you may come across me. But if those fellows want to chase me up, don't you see 'em!"

"What you say goes, Kern; but it's tough, —— of it ain't. Well, here's the rawhide. Due no'theast, I'll remember, 'bout day after termorrer. So long, ef you will go, an' God bless yer!"

"Good-by, Tom; good-by, Arthur. Don't bother about me. This is my forlorn hope. If they chase me up this time, they'll find me at bay!"

Hestwood's two companions watched him out of sight, which wasn't far, owing to the night and the falling snow; then turned in to the cabin and shut the door.

"Ef them fellers come," said Siwash to Evelyn, as they huddled about the fire, "our lay'll be hender 'em much's possible, an' then I'll git on his tracks."

"But they'll do him up in no time, four or five against one, Siwash."

"No, they won't, nuther. It's crackly when Kern wants. He ain't goin' to pick no quar'l with 'em, an' he's goin' tew git a fur away 'n he ken; but he knows 's well 's we know that this sort er thing can't go on forever. He's dyin' ter hev 'em foler him, an' he's out. An' I'll gamble on Kern; he's a dead shot, an' will be fightin' for his life. Ef I thought they was many daugone in his gittin' licked, I'd camp on his trail to once; but there ain't. His only danger is from freezin' tew death; so we mustn't let him stay out too long—see!"

It might have been night, it may have been noon, for all he knew. It was all the same to snow-bound miners—when a tramping outside the hut and the confused sound of voices proclaimed the coming of the strangers. They lost no time in making their presence known, and they raged like furies when they found their bird had flown.

Then was Dick Rothwell and Dave Jernigan, accompanied by three of the roughest and scurviest of Circle City's riff-raff, as a posse. Having waited for the coming of the five until the river had frozen over, they had at last concluded that they had been detained at some of the upper diggings, and as soon as the ice was strong enough, had set out to find their quarry, with dogs and sledges.

They visited all the huts and came back to have it out with Siwash and Evelyn. At first they were misled by finding only Southworth alone in the cabin he and Evelyn usually occupied, and for a time insisted that Hestwood must be there; but on returning to Siwash's one of them detected the faint imprints of moccasined feet in the snow, leading off to the northeast.

"Tell the truth," said Rothwell to Siwash, "ain't them Hestwood's footprints?"

"They mought be, an' then agin they moughtn't," said that worthy, with exasperating slowness. "Shu, never yer want fer know ary bad, why, I'll low they mought be, ef they wa'n't everybuddy else's. How'sever, Kern's gone out a-snowshoein', an' ef yer follers up them tracks, it's likely he'll be found at t'other end ov 'em."

"That's all we want," said Rothwell, excitedly. "We'll leave our dogs and the camp and go on foot. He can't be very far away. Come on, boys."

Hestwood had six or seven hours' start, and at the outset he swung along with great strides, the light snow flying before him in feathery showers. It was but a foot or so in depth, dry and fluffy, so his march was not impeded at all. As he left the creek bed and climbed out upon the vast tundra, or Arctic upland, he felt then the immensity of solitude that pervaded this illimitable expanse of untrodden snow. Undoubtedly here and there lurked bear and by footprints of wolf, hare and silver fox. Now and then a white, ghostlike object would slink silently away, ghastlike and quiet.

He might have shot game enough to last him many days, but he was not then in mood for taking innocent lives. Carrying in his right hand his rifle held ready upon his breast, he strode along without thought of what he might encounter by the way. Only he knew that that pursuing avenger, to reach some spot where he could not find him, was the one thought in his haunted mind. But, as mile after mile was left behind him, he became more alive to the silence and isolation. The keen air awoke him from his apathy, the falling snowflakes endeared to him the task of building a barrier around him, shutting out all other human presence. He felt one with nature—with his Maker—with the elemental forces of earth.

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed, at last, "why is it that I am set upon this, of all men? Thou knowest that I would not shed willingly a drop of human blood. Show me how to avoid it—and survive."

"There is only one way," he added bitterly, "and that is to let them kill me. But there is Adele. Her promise! No, I will not allow myself to be killed without a struggle. I will resist—for her sake—for her sake! And yet, she might not care. She has perhaps forgotten me!"

How many lives have been lost "for her sake?" Kern Hestwood was not the first one who has pursued that ignus fatuus, her the last.

All day he tramped, untiringly, but at he his limbs wearied, and he sought a shelter where he might sleep awhile. The tundra stretched away and away, wherever he knew, encompassed by gloom, and no object large enough to shelter even a rabbit appeared within the circumference. The dusk was deepening, if possible, when he glimpsed a dark object, and on going through which in summer time flowed a stream. Descending, and then climbing the other side of the gulch, he found there certain big boulders, packed in position by the glacial drift. They were arranged in a semi-circle, their convex side facing the opposite bank, the hollow behind them was filled in with snow, but this Kern soon trampled down and threw outside, and thus he had a shelter.

The temperature was down to thirty degrees below zero, but there was no wind, and the rocks being beneath the plane of the plateau, the position was completely protected so as to be found not to fall asleep as soon as he had taken a drink from his flask and eaten a bite from his store of food. Completely swrapped in his furry coverings, Kern reflected about his risks, then threw his hood over his face and allowed himself to fall into slumber.

How awhile, though six or seven hours behind, the pursuers were close after him. Still, they, too, were but human, and could not exist without sleep, any more than without food or drink. Kern's spell was clear enough, and they had no difficulty in following it. They laughed and joked among themselves at his foolishness in leaving behind him such an easy track for them to follow. Not one but was sure he was fleeing in terror and would become their prey without resistance, should they overtake him.

With the calmness of desperation, Kern had planned this simple pitfall into which his foes were hurrying. "I will sleep four hours," he said to himself, "then I will awake and watch. One thing is sure—I will go no farther! On that bank opposite they either find me out, I will give them warning, fair warning—then they may choose!"

Four hours later, almost to a minute, Kern stretched himself unseatly and opened his eyes. He was wide awake instantly, but his brain was active, and at once spurred him to prepare for the crucial action of his life. The Arctic day was breaking; far in the north flamed and quivered the gorgeous aurora of the aurora borealis, illumining the great white plain, and bringing distant objects into view. Rising and scanning his surroundings, Kern saw that some black figures moving rapidly toward him. The posse had crossed Sulfur Creek, and pursuers were already up and hot upon his trail.

His capote was covered with snow, as well as all his garments, so he knew he could crouch behind a crevice between the boulders without attracting attention. He piled up the snow in front until he had a protecting rampart, sipped a little encouragement from his flask, and munched a biscuit, the while these black objects came nearer, and till they finally stood on the opposite bank of the gulch. There were five, and Jernigan—spurred on by his hatred—was in the advance. He halted for the others to approach, however, apparently suspicious of the bunch of rocks across the ravine. And while they consulted a voice rang out, clear in the frosty air:

"Gentlemen, take my advice and go back!"

"Go to h——l!" yelled Jernigan, recovering from his surprise and leaping down the steep. A bullet met him almost in midair, and he fell in a heap. Another sharp crack of the rifle, and one of the posse was doubled up and stretched prostrate across the Pike. The other three threw their rifles and hastily fired at the crevice whence the smoke had risen. Then, with a futile effort, for two of them plunged forward instantly and dyed the snow with their blood, there they lay, Kern Hestwood the only survivor, Dick Rothwell, the detective, buried in his rocky and gravel, like a wolf at bay, clutching his rifle nervously, but afraid to fire, and thus provoke swift retaliation.

"Dick Rothwell," said Kern, still without showing himself, "you may withdraw and go back to the plateau. I've got a head on you. Drop it!"

With a string of curses, Dick shoved his rifle into the snow and climbed back upon the plain.

CHAPTER XV.

A SKIRMISH IN THE SNOW.

"Look here, Dick," said Hestwood, showing himself above the boulders, "don't you think you've carried this thing far enough; Don't you think it is about time to call quits?"

"Well," answered Rothwell, "seeing 'e you've got the drop on me, I reckon I may but I do. But who's goin' to pay me for all the time I've spent and all the trouble I've taken—hey?"

"That isn't my hunt, and I'm not going to buy you off, either. If you don't get out of this country, and get out pretty blamed quick, there'll be another carcass for the crows to pick. That's fair."

"I" you mean to say you expect to go scot free for all these killings? First Jake Jernigan, then Jim, then Dan, not to speak of these three lovely-a-wom deputies of

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Furnish Your Home Without Cost.

With Handsome Toilet Sets, Dishes, Furniture, etc., we give away free for introducing our goods. During the next twelve months we are going to give away thousands of Tea and Dinner Sets, & other useful & handsome premiums amounting in value to over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FREE

Send No Money

but write at once for our catalogue & complete agents' outfit, & start to work at once in an easy business taking orders for our High Grade line of Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, etc. No other firm in America offers such liberal premiums. Both we & their agents & to their agents' customers, to help make Quick Sales. **Our Goods Sell At Sight.** Don't confound our offer with that of irresponsible companies making a bluff to get rich. We are an old established & reliable firm, & have ample capital to manufacture our goods in such enormous quantities as to completely control any & all competitors. We guarantee our goods & want you & your friends to try them.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

and will send you the Couch, Dishes, Rocker (or whichever other premium you may select) together with the groceries, etc. We will trust you & allow you to use the goods after you have delivered same. We have not space enough here to show all the Handsome Premiums we are distributing, but our CATALOGUE, which we will gladly mail you FREE, illustrates & describes many other premiums such as Toilet Sets, China Tea and Dinner Sets, Ladies' Desks, Library Table Clocks, Parlor Lamps, Stoves, Morris Chairs, Rockers, Centre Tables, Iron & Brass Beds, Musical Instruments, Clocks, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Dining Tables, Kitchen Cabinets, Bed Room Suits, Curtains, Rugs, Carpets, Watches, Cutlery, Skirts, etc.

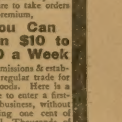
This Handsome Sideboard & Rich Gold & Stained China Dinner Set as shown above FREE for only 10 days work.

Sample Case (worth $4.00) Free

to our agents for introducing our Japan Teas, Coffees, Toilet Soaps, Baking Powder, Extracts & other High-Grade Groceries. This is the most complete Sample Case ever furnished to an agent. It contains articles of real value & the best selling goods to take orders from. To make QUICK SALES we allow our agents to give free to each of their customers the choice of many valuable articles, such as a dozen Handkerchiefs, a China Berry Set, a Handsome Clear Crystal Glass Pitcher & 6 Glasses, Linen Table Cover, Lace Curtains, Scarfs, Granite ware, etc. No trouble to take orders on our new & novel plan. We want to introduce our goods in every neighborhood, & we are willing to spend money liberally in free premiums to do it.

Our Reliability: We refer you to the publisher of this paper or to any Mercantile Agency, or Railroad Express Co. in St. Louis. Write us to-day before you forget our address.

KING MFG. CO., 81 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



King Bro. Co.: The bicycle I keep on China for the better I like it. It is a peach. Since ret than I expected. My customers are also pleased with the goods they bought. & delighted with the beautiful premiums which you have free to each one of them for ordering a can of your Baking Powder. To me an agent could work for a Company that is more reliable, and honest than this.
NEWMAN, Oregon City, Oregon

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

5,000 Rifles $2.50 NO RISK

FREE TO BOYS

Just send us your name and address so that we may tell you about it. Don't delay. Absolutely FREE.

YOU CAN HAVE ONE

As we are going to give away 5,000 of them. We mean it, every word, and this is no humbug or catch penny scheme. It is an exceptionally handsome Gun and always do exactly as they agree. All we ask is that you do a few minutes work for us. It is so very easy that a child can do it. This Handsome Rifle is not a toy air rifle, but is a genuine gun, has barrel, hunting rifle, that is strong, accurate and safe to shoot. Shoots BB caps or short cartridges. If you want a first class hunting rifle, just write and ask us for particulars. They are free and you will surely my Rifle and offer you one to keep or sell.

BE SURE and WRITE AT ONCE before the 5,000 rifles are all gone, as the boys are taking them fast. Address

Peoples Popular Monthly,
550 Manhattan Building,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS—$75 per month and expenses to sell 46 flavors. Vanilla, strawberry, lemon, etc. Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Laundry Soaps, Kidney Pills. Sample Outfit Free. Address, The Wells Chemical Co., Dept. 1, Wells, Minn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. Stock Powder Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kan.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$25 PER WEEK and Traveling Expenses paid to men and women to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. PURITY M'F'G. CO., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. Parker Medicine Co., Dept. 37, Kalamazoo, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENT LOST, Big Reward, Gathbood and full description free. Harry Kennedy, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Wanted, Agents to sell Dr. Hoy Co., 41-43 Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE One secret service man earn good money. Good men wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Give age and reference. Address American Detective Association, Indianapolis, Indiana

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOOKS at 60 per cent discount—150 per cent profit. Freight paid. Best sellers. Assorted, mum and sumos. SAMPLES FREE. ATHENS PUB. CO., Suite 910, 59 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOUNG MEN—Learn watchmaking; earn pay while you learn; our book "How to Become a Watchmaker," sent free. Bruce's School of Watchmaking, Illinois Building, St. Paul, Minn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE. Private secret service pays good money; men wanted everywhere; experience unnecessary; references required. Address Western's Detective Agency, Des Moines, Iowa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED. Reliable Men to every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods tacking up show cards on trees, fences and conspicuous places; no canvassing; steady employment; $2.50 a day. Ready cash guaranteed for each day. Write us your work by return mail. Write for full particulars.

SILVER MEDICINE CO., London, Ontario, Canada.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE Gold-WATCH

To give to Motor Boat owners who write us this week. Only required to keep ONE KIND of our Pure Food Extracts on sale among your friends. Price 25 cents an oz. each. The Gem is 20-Ld GOLD FILLED, stem wind, stem set, guaranteed 25 years. Ladies' or Gents' size. Write us this week and we will send you the $5 and the Watch. Don't delay. Address, with 2c stamp for reply

U. S. JEWELRY CO.,
Dept. 1, 92 St. Clair St., Toledo, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I Turned Out $301.22

Fifty cents per hour is the usual wage for a man of ordinary ability, but I made $1.22 per hour, or $301.22 in one week, and you can easily make $5.00 day starting. Then, Patrick Sullivan, another 21 year boy, of Lead, S. D., made $7.00 one day, $6.25 another. Fleming Bros., Chemists, of Chicago, Ill., write: "Since the Experience Magazine, Everybody has laboratory, washing, kitchen and toilet goods to be found with each. Other, blind and head pains, backache, etc., are relieved by one dose. Quite all druggists sell it. Big profits. Exclusive territory assigned. Life's chance. Write today for Catalog, Agency and Offer. Address F. C. Fleming, Fleming Bros., Chemists, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

We will give a Solid Gold Watch and Chain absolutely free to any one who will sell 20 packages of our Bluine at 10 cents a package. Bluine is the best liquid blue in the world. It will not injure the finest fabric, and is guaranteed to please or money refunded. Bluine is put up in a patent sprinkler bottle, which has the only perfect sprinkler top made. Write us and we will send you the Bluine postpaid. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the Watch and Chain by return mail. Address

BLUINE CO.,
Box 1, Concord Junction, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ACCORDION FREE

A great chance to get a high-grade instrument with which you can play beautiful music for your own entertainment and that of your friends, absolutely free. Write today for our big catalog. It tells full and reliable facts about the

BLUINE is sold at 10 cents a package. Ninety out of every hundred people who buy it once will buy it again. It is a perfect and beautiful gloss. Write for one. We are the only exclusive Bluine agency in your town. Send us your name and address for one of the agencies and we will tell you how to get the Accordion free. Address

BLUINE CO.,
Box 1, Concord Junction, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Three Styles.

Young Lady—I wish to get a popular novel, anything people are raving over.

Bookseller—Here is the latest, madam, already in its seventeenth edition.

Young Lady—Is it of the romantic or realistic school?

Bookseller—Neither. It is of the erotic or idiotic school.

Before and After.

Mr. Busyhody—Pardon me for mentioning it, but isn't your wife a little rude to you at times?

Mr. Henpecked—Well, it does seem so to me. Before we were married she used to sit on my knee. Now she sits all over me.

A Spellbinder's Triumph.

Grayce—In a ringing speech last night, George declared that he could not live without me, and asked me to be his wife.

Gladys—In a ringing speech, eh?

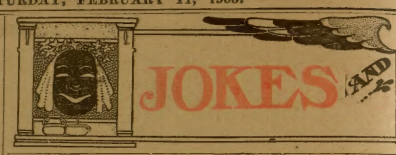
Grayce—Yes; and if you don't believe it, there's the ring.

Natural Conclusion.

The teacher was giving a lesson in Russian history.

"And it was Ivan the Terrible," she related, "who slaughtered so many innocent people. Why did he do it?"

"I guess it was because he owned an automobile," spoke up the boy whose father is a chauffeur.



A Thing Worth Knowing.

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Soothing balmy, aromatic oils give safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, mouth, stomach; large tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terrible skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated by the application of various forms of simple oils. Send for a book, mailed free, giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505 T, Indianapolis, Ind.

Waiting for the Story-Teller.

Little Clara—Mother, tell me a fairy story.

Mrs. Gayboy (glancing at the clock)—Wait until your father comes home, dear, and he will tell us both one.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

A Useful Husband.

There is one argument in favor of a woman's marrying a Chinaman. Her husband naturally will do the washing.—Puck.

Ethel—Mr. Flipper, you shock me! No real gentleman will sit while a lady is standing.

Cholly—Well—er—it can't shock you any more than it did me.

Proof Positive.

Singleton—They say if you pick up a hairpin from the sidewalk it is a sign that you will receive a present.

Wedderly—That's so. I picked one up the other day and put it in my pocket and when my wife discovered it later she presented me with a piece of her mind.

An Illustration.

Manager—You do not inject enough contempt, spite and venom into that word.

Actress—I can do no better.

Manager—Nonsense! Speak it just as you say 'plush' when you meet a rival in an imitation sealskin.

American Opera Prices.

American—Why do you go to Germany so often?

German—I like operas.

"You can hear operas in this country."

"Yah; but it's cheaper to buy a ticket to Shermany und hear it after dere."

A Little Too Much.

First Humorist—How many jokes can you write a day.

Second Humorist (with dignity)—Do you mean the sort I print or the sort you print? They do not speak now.

Woman's Way.

Ida—I hate him. When he passes I slam the door.

May—Indeed!

Ida—Yes, and when we meet I stamp my feet.

May—You don't say? When are you going to be married?

Shrewd Angelina.

Augustus (no longer youthful)—Well, there's one comfort—they say at forty a man is either a fool or a physician.

Angelina (yawning)—But you are not a physician?

Augustus—No.

Angelina—Oh!

The Conceited Man.

Lyles—Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist; and I believe he is.

Bonter—I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being.

An Explanation.

"Why is the ocean so restless?" queried the fair passenger.

"Well," replied the gallant captain, "one could hardly expect it to rest easy with so many rocks in its bed."

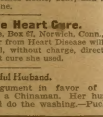
Bella—So she's engaged at last! She seems likely to beat us all in the matrimonial race.

Stella—Yes, she is on her last lap this time.

AGENTS WANTED

SEWING MACHINE FREE

An up-to-date, full size, High Grade Sewing Machine will be given away free to agents. All of the latest improvements. Write for our



Free Machine Offer

and full particulars how we give away free a Machine, full value of the machine of this generator proposition which is open to every person in the United States. Don't miss this opportunity, but write us today and get the work which we propose you can do. Remember, you are not asked to send us any money, as we will ship the machine to you entirely at our risk. The machine is guaranteed by the manufacturers for ten years. Send us your address and we will promptly mail to you twelve boxes of our celebrated Dr. Hoyt's Pile Ointment to sell at 25 cents per box. Send us the money we receive for the Pills which we shall send you immediately after you have sold the $3 worth, and we forward the money, we will at once without any further delay send you the machine, freight prepaid, and pay all the high grade Sewing Machines exactly as described. You run no risk, as we take back all the Pile Ointment not sold when you return the money. Don't delay, but write us today and

WE CALL DELIVERY ON SIGHT.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home in spare time. Particulars free. Address Dept. 1, Chicago Mirror Works, 1133 Fullerton Ave., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$60 PER MONTH straight salary and expenses for first man with rig to introduce our Poultry Compound among the farmers. We mean it. Hire and furnish rig; horses, harness and salary. Permanent position. Address Nelson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 20, Grand Rapids, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED

to take orders for made-to-order suits from $8.50 up; and teach them $5.00 up. Our 70 samples retail for $2,000 in 8 weeks. Best line in America. WHITE NOW having exclusive territory. Large Commissions and Liberal Terms.

THE WARRINGTON W. & W. MILLS
DEPT. F, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS MEN OR WOMEN Sell on 100 per cent profit. Big Seller. Sample 10c.

Sanitary COFFEE TEA MAKER

Most sanitary coffee pot made. Boils Coffee with cut cup or cold. Keeps it hot for hours. Tea or Coffee, 1 cup to 1 gallon. Pleases. Sells on sight. Outfit, 2 sizes prepaid, $1. Money back if not satisfactory. Agents wanted. Must have capital to purchase stock to supply demand.

THE WISCONSIN MFG. CO.,
Dept. C, Stationers, Wis.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

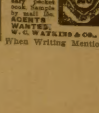
Gold Watch AND RING FREE

An advertising scheme we have with Gold Gold Filled Case, fully warranted for 25 years. Stem wind, stem set, guaranteed to keep correct time, open face, hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, and a handsome ring, all for selling only 20 packages of Bluine at 10 cents a package. Bluine is the best liquid blue in the world. It will not injure the finest fabric, and is guaranteed to please or money refunded. Bluine is put up in a patent sprinkler bottle, which has the only perfect sprinkler top made. Write us and we will send you the Bluine postpaid. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the Watch and Ring by return mail. Address

BLUINE CO., Box 37, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!



An entertaining and original book. Can be used on any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 25c.

AGENTS WANTED.
W. C. WATKINS & Co., Box 1205, Pittsburg Pa

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LATEST FROM COLORADO.

A Million Dollar Corporation of That State Apparently Throws Money Away.

Corporations as a rule are not expected to throw money away recklessly but out in Colorado such seems to be an actual fact.

Recently several well-known capitalists of Colorado joined forces and organized an immense publishing company with a million dollars capital, all paid up. One of the first acts of the new company was to spend $30,000 in the purchase of that sterling monthly publication, the Rocky Mountain Magazine, now in its third year with a circulation world-wide. By some of its readers the magazine is considered worth $5 per year. It publishes dozens of fine views of scenery, stories of love and adventure and sketches of how great riches are often acquired so quickly. To say the climate, dividend shares in the company are issued to subscribers, the latter sharing in the profits of the publication, which certainly pays well and will likely pay much more this year.

The company has appropriated ample cash with the object of securing a million new readers this year. To accomplish their object they are offering to send the magazine one month for a whole year for the nominal sum of ten cents, 5 years for twenty-five cents; or, state or coin as suits for fifty cents; stamps taken. As this is a limited offer there's no time to waste, so send at once and tell your friends. Money promptly refunded if you are not more than pleased. Address Rocky Mountain Magazine, Denver, Col. Send all subscriptions to the Rocky Mountain Magazine, Denver, Col.

A Fight in It.

"As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larnin'" occasionally, "what's in a name?"

"Well, sir," replied Casey, "all me wan that Oi don't like an' O'll show ye."

CANCER CURED

With soothing, balmy oils. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for illustrated Book Free. Address Dr. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

How She Caught Him.

Dolly—Nell says that her engagement ring cost $250.

Polly—Perhaps she meant that she spent as much as that entertaining the young man before she got it.

They Give Medicine Away.

The Pape Medicine Co., 23 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, are sending absolutely free a complete and thorough test treatment of their three new remedies, that instantly relieve and quickly cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder trouble, Rheumatism and all other uric acid diseases. There never was anything like it. There is not one sufferer in the whole world who can afford to leave these remedies untried. Just write and tell them where to send the treatment and it will come to you without one cent of expense whatever. Read their splendid offer on page 10 of this paper.

Why He Worked.

"You say Grinder worked last summer just for fun?"

"Oh, no: just for funds."

Financially Weak.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a cripple at this festive season, sir.

Kind Old Gent (handing him some money) —Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.

He—Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

She—I don't know, I'm sure. You'd be such a stranger then that I should have to make your acquaintance all over again.

Repentance.

Near the front a man groans in deep distress.

"Repent!" shouts the evangelist, energetically. "Repent, and be at ease!"

The man rises to his feet, irresolutely.

"I am sorry," he falters, "that I ate the mince pie for dinner."—Puck.

Known.

Badger—Are you acquainted with the people who live in the big house on the other side of your street?

Tolman—In a sort of way. None of the family has ever spoken to me, but their dog always barks at me when I pass the house.

Cornered.

Mother—Why have you taken all of the chairs out of the parlor, dear?

Daughter—Because George is so fearfully bashful. I'm not progressing at all. Now there is nothing left in the room but a tete-a-tete, and he's got to sit near me.

Perfectly Congenial.

Naggsby—When a man and his wife think the same thoughts simultaneously, it is a sign that they are exceedingly congenial.

Waggsby—So? Well, then, my wife and I are congenial, all right, for the other night when she said that she wondered why I'd ever been such a fool as to marry her, I had been sitting there in silence for half an hour wondering over the same identical thing.

Nothing New.

"I see," remarked the blonde typewriter boarder, "they are making now paper matches in Germany."

"Nothing remarkable about that," growled

A Witty Preacher.

A certain clergyman in Chicago is a native of the Emerald Isle, and, like most Irishmen, is quick at repartee, and full of wit.

At one of the popular young men's meetings, for which his church is noted, he had the opportunity of meeting a man who was looking out for a debate or anything else which would give him a permit to air his views on religious matters.

"Your reverence," said the searcher for truth, "I can understand the miracle of the Red Sea, the rainfall of manna, and the turning of Moses' staff into a serpent, but I can't stomach Jonah."

It was the chance of a lifetime, and the clergyman could not resist it. Quick as a flash he said:

"Neither could the fish."

How the News Spread.

Patience—What do you think? Patience—I'm sure I don't know.

"Why, that Huggins girl was married nearly a year ago."

"I never knew it."

"No, nor I, either, until today."

"How did you find it out?"

"Why, I saw an announcement of her divorce in the papers."

Possible Way Out.

"John," said Mrs. Bjenkins, looking up from the evening paper, "you know how many dishes Kate has broken lately."

"Yes," said John, "what of it?"

"Well," continued Mrs. Bjenkins, "there is something in the paper here about stone plates. I don't know just what they are, but I should think they might be indestructible."

A Bottle Is Nothing.

"Of course, you always take a bottle with you on a fishing trip?" said the Northern visitor.

"A bottle, suh?" demanded the Kentuckian. "What feh, suh?"

"Oh, come, now! You don't mean to say you'd go fishing without whisky!"

"We take a jug, suh."

A JUNGLE JEST.

"What's the matter with that giraffe?" asked the first zebra.

"Oh, he says they've had him spotted all his life, but never have been able to land him in the stripes."

Sometimes Does.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, in this article in the newspaper about salons there's a whole lot about "local option." What does local option mean?

Mr. Chugwater—It means that if you don't like any locality where there are saloons you have the option of moving out of it. I should think you could tell from the words themselves.

How It Is.

Young—Wonder why it is they call the man who stands up with the bridegroom the best man at a wedding?

Elder—It means that he is the best off; he's the one who isn't married, you know.

the bachelor with the ingrowing hair at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "The price fighters in this country have been doing that for many moons."

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY CHARLES GRAVES.

It was the third day of dreary, monotonous rain, and the various members of the house party at the Maples strive as they would to conceal the fact—were plainly and undeniably bored.

Ravenor, their host, having exhausted his rather limited supply of suggestions for indoor amusements, had withdrawn, with two or three other kindred spirits, to the billiard room to pass the time with poker. Mrs. Ravenor, left to entertain the other guests as best she might, was on the verge of tears.

The morning dragged heavily, and lunch, generally the jolliest meal of the day, was a dismal affair. Everybody's spirits seemed to have taken on the grey dampness of the day outside.

But late in the afternoon the rain ceased, and although low, driving clouds still draped the sky, a rift to the westward seemed to promise clearing weather.

Ravenor burst into the library where his guests were congregated about the fireplace.

"Good people, let me announce that Jupiter Pluvius has temporarily ceased to play." he said. "What do you say to a ride?"

There were approving cries on all sides and a general scramble upstairs to get into riding togs. When they came down again the horses were waiting at the door and Ravenor was cheerfully watching the widening rift in the clouds.

As Archer, crop in hand, descended the steps, there at a time, he saw Margaret Price standing in the doorway.

"Not going?" he asked, incredulously, noting that she, of all the party, was dressed in riding clothes.

"No," she said. "I'm going to write some letters."

Archer's face fell.

"I've a mind to stay with you," he said, so earnestly that she flushed slightly.

"I'm cross when I have to write letters and I demand absolute quiet," she laughed. "Send me stay. I'll be quite as an oyster," he said, under his breath.

She shook her head in smiling negation.

"You've already become one of your epigrams," she said teasingly. "Now run along and do your duty by your horse and broadcast."

On the step Archer hesitated. The others were already mounted and calling to him to come on.

"Stay!" I?" he begged.

"Of course you can't," she said. "I hope you'll have a delightful ride."

The door closed and Archer jumped on his horse. But for once he was strangely preoccupied and took no part in the gay badinage going on about him.

He kept well to the side of the little cavalcade, and when finally the others galloped round a turn in the road he deliberately reined in his horse and started back. Headed down the house he gave his mount free rein, and they flew along the heavy road at a reckless pace.

At the stable he turned the horse over to the groom and hurried into the house. As he entered the hall he heard the notes of the piano. He stopped short and smiled grimly.

"Very important letters, evidently," he muttered, and mud-bespattered as he was, he softly crept down the hall toward the music room.

The daylight was fading and the big music room was in semi-darkness. One little candle on the piano was lighted, and its mellow light threw the girl's profile into soft relief.

Archer sipped quietly into the room and dropped unnoticed into a chair near the wall. The girl ran lightly from one key to side and then began to sing in a rich contrato voice. It was a common enough little song.

Archer sat very quietly in his chair watching the pretty outlines of her face against the candle light and wondering how to excuse he should offer for coming back.

The song came to an end and the girl turned to the music cabinet behind her. Archer moved slightly in his chair and coughed discreetly. She turned quickly and then jumped to her feet as she beheld him there.

"Goodness, how you frightened me!" she cried. "How long have you been here?"

"An eon or two," he laughed.

"What did you come back for?" she said, frowning.

"You," he said simply.

The earnestness of that simple word left her speechless. Her face went scarlet, and to hide her confusion she began running over the contents of the music cabinet.

"Of course you knew I'd come back?" he said, gravely.

"Of course I didn't," she returned.

"I couldn't help it," he said meekly. "I simply had to see you. If the only chance I've had since I've been here. Those cheerful imbeciles seem to have no comprehension whatever."

He drew over to the music cabinet, and stood looking down at her.

"They would give me no opportunity to see you alone, so I was forced to make face opportunity," he said.

The girl looked up, and catching a glimpse of his grave face she suddenly fell to laughing.

"Is it so very ridiculous?" he asked.

"Very," she asserted.

"Well, I'm sorry."

She picked up a sheet of music and began to examine it closely.

"It's very ridiculous to hear you take all the credit of making the opportunity," she said, without looking up.

"Margaret," he said, "then——"

She shook a finger at him mischievously.

"Now haven't I had plenty of chances to write letters these last few stupid days, Mr. Opportunity-maker?" she asked mockingly.

No, Cordelia, a horse that is scratched just before the race isn't necessarily afflicted with a cutaneous disease.

UNDER THE BAN OF TLALOC;

How a Couple of Silver Fetiches Plunged Two Miners Into a Series of Amazing Misadventures.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

[Copyright by the Author.]

Begin in No. 1, Jan. 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORSEVAL DOCUMENT.

"I don't know why you're surprised, Jickler," said Fletcher, blinking in the light. "Tofana wired you and you ought to know what to expect."

"Sure. But when——"

"Just a minute," interrupted Fletcher. "There's a thing you got to know at once, without any further talk. One of the idols has been destroyed."

Jickler flung up his hands and fell back, staring at Fletcher with glassy eyes.

"You don't mean to say that one of the idols has been put out of our reach?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thunder! Who did it, and how?"

Fletcher threw himself into a chair. He had made a casual survey of the room on entering, but the hole in the side wall had escaped him.

"Cliff Mingo did it," resumed Fletcher, "threw it into the fire. It's now a pile of ashes, dry, in Chicago."

Jickler's grief was real and convincing. He squirmed, choked and finally relieved his overcharged feelings with a round oath. Fletcher watched him with grim humor.

"How is the idol Mingo started with from Phoenix?" Jickler at length managed to voice a half-hearted monotone.

"Oh, it simply became one of the idols in his belt."

"How did Mingo happen to have it?"

"You see, I got Mingo's idol in New Orleans. Tofana gave me some stuff that I slipped into a sizzling drink, and about two minutes afterward he was plum' dodger. A rig was waiting at the corner, and——" Fletcher broke off with a jerky laugh. "The actions of the old Aztec hocus pocus was what happened when Mingo saw me. I'm a fool-killer if he didn't think I was Gaynor. Not only did he insist on traveling with me to Chicago, but when I told him he could take the new idol in order to keep it out of Fletcher's hands, he turned it over.

"When we struck Chicago, I gave the idol to Zara and told her to take it out to the Barclay House and give it to Tofana; then I trailed around with Mingo until I could lose him. Wonderful how that loco-lore does takes hold of a man!"

"Go on," said Jickler faintly. "You're in pretty good humor, seems to me, for a man that brings the news you do."

"Wait till I get through and you'll understand. Lora was in a mighty taking about the way I had looked after her, but she kept mum about it until after she got hold of the idol. Instead of taking it right to Tofana she gave it to Julia; and Julia, who happened to have both the images, turned 'em over to Gaynor.

Jickler gave a hoot of dismay.

"Are you feeling a bit off, goodboys," he asked, sarcastically, "that you go trusting those priceless idols to the hands of a couple of women? I had thought better of Tofana than that!"

"Hear me out," said Fletcher. "Tofana, who was expecting Mingo with one of the idols—not knowing I had destroyed one—hid behind a screen in the hotel parlor, waiting for Mingo to appear. Julia was hustled under the doctor's eyes, and Julia presented him with both images.

"Tofana took the idols and Mingo shot into the room, thought Gaynor was me, knocked him down, grabbed the idols and ran for dear life. When Gaynor and Julia came down they overhauled him he was in an iron foundry and had managed to throw the idol into the furnace.

"Then the row commenced. Jickler stared at him, angry at the mirth which he thought most unseemly.

"How do you know it was Gaynor's idol that went into the furnace?" he demanded.

"I'm coming to that. Be patient, can't you?"

"There are things going on here," returned Jickler, "that rake it difficult for me to be patient. If you don't, when I've something to tell you."

"Tofana told me off to dog Gaynor——"

"Then you abandoned Jickler.

"Yes. He gave me the hatchkey that you had sent him——"

"Gave you the hatchkey?" Jickler passed one hand perplexedly across his forehead.

"Of course! Why not?"

"Never mind now," said Jickler, throwing an aggressive glance in the direction of the wall. "Finish, finish!" he added, impatiently.

"Well, Tofana gave me the hatchkey and your address, and told me how I was to find the room of yours. I shadowed Gaynor to New York, followed him to a restaurant, and there I met Orseval, who came down here to this. Fairfax was out; Gaynor went to his club. Through a window of the smoking-room in the clubhouse I saw Fairfax and Gaynor talking; not only that, but I saw Gaynor give Fairfax one of the idols—the only one that was left—and Fairfax took out the document we are so anxious to lay hands on, and put it in his pocket."

"You saw all that," murmured Jickler, "you!"

"Yes. I, Fairfax and Gaynor left the clubhouse, and I missed 'em, somehow. I waited right there up to a half-hour ago, and then came here. Piddled around for quite a spell trying to find the right door—these New York pueblos are puzzlers, and no mistake. But here I am, and——"

"And you haven't told me, yet, how you knew the idol that went into the furnace was Gaynor's." Jickler's bewilderment and depression were profound, but he clung to that minor point with morbid tenacity.

"Well," went on Fletcher, "Tofana hypnotized Gaynor out of his idol——"

"I've heard of that, but what does it amount to? Half of the letter is of no earthly use to us."

"Listen, Jickler! Before giving the idol to his daughter, ostensibly to keep for him, Tofana removed the document that was inside of it."

"Well?" fluttered Jickler. He had a glimmering of the essential point Fletcher was about to make. So had I, there on the other side of that opening—and I was shaking like a leaf.

"Now," went on Fletcher, blandly, "here's what Tofana did. She put Gaynor's idol back on to New York with an idol that proves to hold nothing but the hatchkey. Quite enough document. Since I hold the other half, it follows that Gaynor's idol—the one that had been put in its place—went into the fire."

Jickler fell back, hugging himself for joy. It took fresh grip on the slung-shot and fell to mauling and pulling with all the resource and determination I possessed.

"You have the Orseval half!" gasped Jickler.

"Tofana turned it over to me to bring on here, thinking that he should remain over in Chicago for a few days. He told me to take pains to destroy the Orseval copy, if you have it——"

"I haven't it, but Tofana knows as well as I do that it is in the hands of the Spanish scholar in this town can't make head or tail out of the document. He's had it for such a hurry, and, not being familiar with Spanish, he's blind." There's just enough sense in the writing to convince any person that it points to a big thing. Oh, this is too much! Jickler's voice quickly hugged himself again.

"What are we going with Orseval's half if we can't get Bell's?" asked Fletcher, soberly.

"We'll have Bell's—we're getting Bell's now!" declared Jickler.

"How?" repeated Fletcher.

"Look!" Jickler pointed to the opening in the partition. "I've been interested in the background by these startling disclosures you've been giving us, Jickler took thought of me.

"Murdock is in there with Cribbs," said he; "or, at least, a man who came here and passed for Murdock."

"Murdock!" echoed Fletcher. "Why, man, Murdock is in a lock-up at Albuquerque, where he and has been for some days."

"Then who is that man that came here? How did he know about my new quarters in this boarding-house? Where did he get the latchkey that would admit? Have you any idea who that man can be, Fletcher?"

"I have not the slightest," he hoarsely, "and I'm going to make sure of it—and of him, too."

He took a revolver from his pocket and crept softly toward the opening. Jickler followed at his heels.

Slung-shot in hand, I arose and pressed against the wall. Cressie Cribbs was well at a hole in the mountains called Thermopylæ this breach in the wall was my Thermopylæ, and with one arm the setto should have no messenger of defeat.

CHAPTER XII.

TRYING CONCLUSIONS.

All was silent in Fairfax's rooms—silent as the grave. I scarcely breathed, so much was I concentrated on the opening.

On the other side of the wall I could hear the cautious movements of Fletcher and Jickler, could tell when they whispered, and could hear one of them get down on his knees to effect a peep at the wall.

Would it be Jickler who showed himself, or would it be Fletcher? I yearned for Fletcher. He had that in his pocket which I was determined to have.

It was Fletcher. First came his hands, one of them grasping the revolver. I could see his knuckles. A little more pressure, I said, but waited for his head and shoulders to appear so that I might be certain he was the man. A mistake, at that juncture, would have meant the loss of the Orseval document.

Head and shoulders showed themselves, and, in a flash, I had hold of the two arms. A curse jasped from Fletcher as I hauled him in, rolled him on his back and struck the revolver from his grasp.

"It's Gaynor!" panted Fletcher. "Do for him, Jickler, or it's up-sticks with us."

"Cribbs!" called Jickler frantically. "Where's Cribbs?"

"Never mind Cribbs," flung back Fletcher. "It's you for it and you've got to be quick."

There had been much noise already and a shot would have aroused the inmates of both houses. Jickler hesitated to use his own weapon and pushed slowly through the hole.

Fletcher began to struggle with all his power, hoping to hold me and give Jickler a chance. He succeeded fairly well.

Jickler got into the room, changed ends with his weapon and would have clubbed me into the condition of Cribbs had I not wrenched a hand free and hurled the slung-shot at him.

The shot struck him a glancing blow on the head, smashed in the hatchkey and fell to the floor. Jickler staggered back with a groan, adding to the racket by letting his weapon fall.

By releasing my hand I gave Fletcher a chance of which he was not slow to take advantage. Tearing away from me he rolled over and over, sprang to his feet, and would have attacked me if I had not managed to secure Jickler's revolver and turn it on him.

Instead of making an attack Fletcher beat a retreat. I had hesitated to pull trigger, and that hesitation was like to cost me dear, for I heard Fletcher at the hall door.

Some one else came to the hall door, just then, but on the other side. A hand rattled at the knob.

"Gaynor! I say, Gaynor!"

Fairfax! I had his key and he could not enter.

"Robbers, Fairfax!" I called. "Go for the police, quick!"

There was his excited exclamation, and then came sounds of his quickly departing feet. Fletcher was headed off, and Jickler was not yet done.

He rushed at the gas-jet, kicking over the chair that held the bull's-eye lantern as he went. What he wanted was absolute darkness. It was the light that made Jickler enough.

I was up and going and got between him and the light. Thereupon he started for a window.

"Sit down," said I, regarding him over the sight of the persuader even as I had regarded his namesake in the Albuquerque. "I mean what I say, Fletcher!" With that I turned on the gas full blaze, using my left hand.

Fletcher looked around, presumably, for Jickler; but that gentleman had made the most of a losing game—preferring to save his own skin even if he must forfeit the stakes. He had gone as he had come, carrying with him what little remained of his blasted hopes.

"All right, Gaynor," said Fletcher, falling into a chair. "This seems to be your innings."

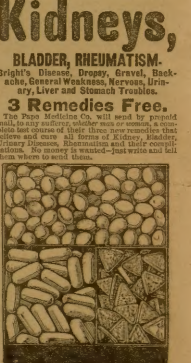
A policeman's club began a tattoo on the door, seconded by the voice of Mr. Fairfax: "Gaynor! Gaynor! Are you safe, Gaynor, or shall we break it in?"

"Just a moment," I answered, "and I'll unlock it."

I executed a half-circle around Fletcher,

A New Cure For The
Kidneys,
BLADDER, RHEUMATISM.
Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Backache, General Weakness, Nervous, Urinary, Liver and Stomach Troubles.
3 Remedies Free.

The Pyco Medicine Co. will send by prepaid mail, to any sufferer, whether man or woman, a complete, full course of their three new remedies that relieve and cure all forms of Kidney, Bladder, Urinary Diseases, Rheumatism and their complications. No money is wanted—just write and tell them where to send them.



What The Free Package Contains.
The large bottle of Pyco Fluid contains most of the broken-up tissue, cleanses all the pores, builds up the vital forces, and will relieve Backache, Gravel, etc., establishing complete, natural, healthy functions.
The little bottle of Pyco Tablets cleanses the entire blood and system from acid and other kidney poisons, causes of Rheumatism, Urine Irritations, Mucous, catarrhal accumulation passes off and out. Pyco Sheffield is healing, inflammation and retention subsides. Retention, Frequency (especially at night), Pain and all usual difficulties are permanently overcome. Gravel and granular deposits are dissolved. Backache disappears.
Pyco Pellets of Formula C—to immediately relieve and overcoming consequent upon Kidney Disease. Regulate the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, nourishes the impoverished Bowels, purifies the blood, builds up the nerves, invigorates and revitalizes the entire system, specially reflected. Rewarding in toning the general system, giving it the vigor into over vital organs and strength all over the entire body. This is a complete, thorough and complete treatment as was ever furnished for the cure of these destructive diseases. *There is not one sufferer in the whole world who can afford to have their remedies* named. Write to the PACIFIC MEDICINE CO., 81 E. 6th St., Cincinnati, O., telling where to send them, and the complete test course of each of the Formulas A, B and C, will be forwarded by prepaid mail without one cent of expense to you.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

drew out the key with which he locked and unlocked the door from the outside. An officer rushed in with Fairfax at his heels.

The spectacle that greeted the eyes of the newcomers was worth research, in all truth. On the floor, in front of the safe, the saturated handkerchief having fallen from his face, lay Leslie Fairfax, the marks of them plain to be seen on the front of the safe.

Head low and the overturned chair and the bullet-pierced wall told the rest, the gaping hole through the small space for which he had powerfully by the slungshot and Fletcher's revolver, both lying on the carpet.

The officer was for leaving me to take care of the boy, but I, the man and myself on a tour of observation in the front rooms of the adjoining house, but I halted him and cut short Fairfax's excited queries with the words:

"Don't lose a minute, officer, in putting handcuffs on that man's wrists. After you have done that, and not Mr. Fairfax to go through his pockets. This is of the utmost importance—other proceedings can wait."

My counsel has taken me and Fletcher's wrists were made secure. Thereupon Fairfax secured that the prisoners be taken and soon found what I thought he would—the Oreseval half of the Spanish letter, carefully folded in a stout envelope.

He was dumfounded and wanted to know what it had to do with the affair. When he was told he demanded of me, "Who, then, is the man?"

"Patience, Fairfax," said I, "when we clear out this room and set the authorities after it there will be time enough before breakfast, I think, to explain everything."

"Jickler!" echoed Fairfax. "He's mixed up in this, is he?"

"Why not, if he's the head and front of the opposition?"

"But how?"

I told him, very briefly, for it was necessary that we or should have something to work on. Calhoun was recognized by the minion of the law as an old offender recently out of Sing Sing where he had been sent for work such as he had that night attempted.

And Calhoun was summoned. Calhoun was not to be found out in a hurry. Fairfax personally conducted the "kit," suspected and the two revolvers were taken from Louis and Fletcher, and Calhoun and I were at last clear of the unwelcome intruders. No one had been aroused in other house, but at 215 there had been much speculation among the boarders as to what a little alarm.

The nature of the officers with the prisoners allayed the general apprehension, matters gradually underwent calm and Fairfax locked the hall door of his suite, blocked the hole in the party-wall with a heavy desk and requested from me a more detailed explanation than the one already given.

Excitement had banished any desire for sleep, and Calhoun put out the gas and I talked through the small hours of the morning, exchanging views of recent events.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FINISHED TASK.

Fairfax began by saying that my mistake in getting me into the wrong house was quite pardonable under the circumstances. I was a stranger in that locality and had arrived the New York Limited.

I was anxious about the so-called "habit" and asked whether it had anything to do with second-sight. He said he had, but that its genuine manifestations were not uniform, but varied with the individual and his or her mentality.

For instance he going to his lodgings by way of such a habit he would have noticed in the flag-stone. When he had found that he was at the same steps. By night it was by his sense of smell rather than sight. Even by street lamp-post, sound and apply his highly developed faculty.

The method was admirable in its simplicity. I told him so and advised him to limit his application exclusively for one birthday to suit the requirements of every house in the block.

He answered no; that latchkeys should be as discriminating as possible and to avoid making mistakes; and that he should speak to his landlady and have her put a new lock on the street door.

So much for the error that had caused me to disturb Fairfax. After I had given my adventures exhaustively, and learned Fairfax's congratulations, he told me of his visit to Broadway, which was to the telegram sent by to detective.

The man had discovered that Jickler was transacting with men of brief character—presumably on the Bowery. With the view of ascertaining what such an association meant, the detective was shadowing Jickler on the night he was called by the name of Beauregard and was known to be a police spy. Calhoun, who had served Fairfax's father, he hired to keep track of Calhoun, who was a person of unbelief. Therefore the letter.

That was all there was to the Brooklyn trip. We both found Leslie, and Fairfax said he would retire the detective the following day, pay him his bill and let him go.

Fairfax was now prepared to my reticence concerning the fate of the second letter, explained that I had destroyed it purposely, that my own was the one destroyed, and I begged his assistance in the matter of mind that had caused me to shirk complete details at the club.

The idea itself was of small importance, anyway; the contents of it formed the sine qua non, and Drake had furnished him with both copies of that Spanish document, and what would he further?

Having that come, by natural and easy stages, to that ancient love-letter, both parts of it were joined on a table-top with a strong light overhead. Thereupon I translated the whole for his benefit.

The old conquistadore's secret is a secret no longer, for long ago the Spanish treasure-ship [illegible] and Fairfax and I [illegible] years a million pesetas for every one [illegible] —including Uncle Jerry and Fairfax. So the interesting document may be here reproduced.

The first, or Oreseval, half:

Sevilla, Noviembre, 1679.

"For Francisco de Villanueva, secretary to His Excellency Junior Christian, governor of New to Mejico.

"To my own true love and faithful knight, from his Monica de Castile:

"[illegible]when the young moon is waning and tenderly and the stars burn [illegible] heaven, like the eyes of [illegible] shine, and [illegible] the dimming fast asleep and could not say nay, [illegible] I creep from my bed to [illegible]. Then I wandered along the Guadalquivir where the citron shade is deepest and the silver lilies grow rank in the midnight dew. And I thought, as I pass'd by the bed of [illegible] that remembered [illegible] held fortune, perhaps thy dear life, in my frail hands.....

"For Manuel I [illegible] The scarred old warrior is with the saints and he has left with me the [illegible] to [illegible] the knowledge of his treasure mine—deceased while he warned [illegible] of [illegible] his love in the north, under His Excellency, Enrique de Avila y Pacheco.....

"We proceeded north through the country of the Pinos, the Tiguas, the Queres and the Tehuas, leaving the Rio Grande at San Juan, where, resting in the [illegible] our good right arms, preceded by the Padre Velasco, we [illegible] and [illegible] the cross, and [illegible] eyes to the true faith and to the abbey of [illegible]. It [illegible] seven years from Santa Fe to the Rio de las Animas. The stream we followed to the first copse of a cluster of [illegible] trees, and [illegible] we wended towards the east, and in due course [illegible] the Cerro Negro.

"The second, or hill half of the teen letter [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and following the last word of the oreseval half was this line, complete [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] branched." Then came the version given above, and the whole was [illegible] Fairfax in the smoking-room at his club.

It was a very nice letter, and Francisco de Villanueva was a very nice man, and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PHILANTHROPIC PHYSICIAN ABANDONS PRIVATE PRACTICE; GIVES SERVICES FREE

HIS MYSTERIOUS POWER WORKS MIRACLES OF HEALING

Believing It His Duty to God and Man to Help All Who Stand in Need, He Offers to Give Free Treatment to the Sick and Afflicted.

Strange Story of a Woman—Says This Wonder Worker Made Heart Beat Again in Her Body.

PANOPATHIC PROFESSOR'S STARTLING STATEMENT NO DISEASE HE MAY NOT CURE

Heals Hopeless Invalids of Diseases Pronounced Incurable and Restores Life and Health to Those Given Up to Death by Doctors.

Cures Patients in Their Own Homes Hundreds of Miles Away as Easily as Though They Called in Person—Offers to Heal Suffering Men and Women Doctors and Drugs Cannot Cure.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—[Special Correspondence.]—Dr. William Wallace Hadley, the eminent scientist and professor of panopathy and psychastics of this city, has abandoned his large and lucrative private practice and hereafter give his services free of charge for the treatment and cure of chronic cases of disease pronounced hopeless by physicians. He is quoted as saying that he feels it his religious duty to help the sick and afflicted independent of any reward.

This decision, amazing in this day and age of money-getting madness, is all the more remarkable when one remembers that man's great reputation as a scientific wizard, and his phenomenal success in healing when all others fail. Times without number he has taken men and women given up to death by doctors and restored them to life and health in so marvelous and such a marvelous manner that he has aroused widespread wonder and astonishment among all classes of people who are aware of the facts.

So far no satisfactory explanation has been given of Dr. Hadley's mysterious control over disease and death, nor for his apparent ability to overcome death, one of the means by which he has made the almost miraculous cures that stand to his credit, gaining him a healer of healers. He seems to have a power over life and death and the like that it is not given to ordinary mortals. He cures in the face of such apparent impossibilities that no one could be blamed for thinking him possessed of supernatural gifts. Certainly he is classed among those who understand the secret of the ruling of disease and death, and a complete grasp of their prevention and cure. In cases where physicians, surgeons and specialists abandon hope and are at their wits' ends to know what to do, he remains cool, confident and masterful, freeing the patient of pain and disease almost as easily as one can remove a stain from a piece of cloth.

Panopathy, a modest, unassuming man, with a reputation for never claiming more than he can perform, has performed what are actually miracles in the cure of disease in not only one case so bad but that he has absolute confidence in his ability to restore health and strength. Evidence that this is no more than the literal truth is given by one of the patients, Miss Mary J. G. Whitfield of Norfolk, Va., who asserts that he revived the vital spark in her body. That at the end of a long siege of illness due to complication of diseases her body was but a lifeless and useless mold that the end had come, that Dr. Hadley was powerless to defeat death, and that he had gone through the motions of making the stricken woman's body live merely to satisfy the friends who surrounded her. Then, after the restoration of life and health as passing understanding, Dr. Hadley learned that one of Mrs. M. Worthington, of Center Square, Pa., a woman who had been an invalid for 25 years, many long months bedridden in hospitals, and who had been pronounced incurable and helpless and given up to death by doctors. She was completely relieved of her suffering, pain and weakness that she had long endured, and by the same panopathic discovery restored and wonderful method of treatment and rescued her from the grave. One of the first indications of power he possessed over the mighty force controlled by this scientific sorcerer was the wonderful way he wrought return to normal circulation of the blood; when Dr. Hadley first undertook the case of Miss Whitfield, the blood was practically stagnant, shunning the wasted frame; gradually color returned to the pale cheeks and thin lips; gradually the limbs rounded and the whole body presented to the astonished gaze of friends and physicians a transformation bordering closely on the miraculous. Then came the restoration of health in all the beauty and perfection of physical and mental health. Could doctors and specialists be blamed for crying out that Dr. Hadley is supernatural and recent awe? Is it any wonder that he is credited with supernatural power over disease whatever name and nature? Preliminary to the first case, that of Mrs. Worthington, of Norfolk, Va., two doctors using drugs, medicines and surgery had failed to help her. They said she was suffering from disease long considered incurable. They had given her up to die. The case was on the verge of death, a glaze of bore nearly an inch long had been cut from his scull above the eye. His actions were terrible, and the doctors advised another operation as the only chance of saving his life. But Dr. Hadley took the case, said saving or cutting into a man's head was not necessary, put Mr. Hall under his treatment, and restored him to health in a few days, and removed the bad scar from his head and forehead. Since, his life saved and his health and strength restored most marvelously. Yet there are only random instances selected from among hundreds where Dr. Hadley's almost miraculous power has made the bonds of disease fall away as if they were broken chains and changed the miserable victims of life-sapping illness into strong and happy men and women.

Upon hearing the announcement that a man of such wonderful ability to heal, a man who could cure the most hopeless cases, was to abandon his life work, well-founded hopes revived and home treatment free to all who ask. In the most sensational and far-reaching in its effects, since it gives everyone throughout the country as well as near by the same wonderful opportunity to be cured by availing themselves of the long-unheeded call. Now comes a wonderful power and proven ability to heal to the world with the message of hope to the most remarkable and fortunate in view of the fact that there is no disease he cannot cure.

To confirm the facts as stated, an interview was sought with Dr. Hadley, now located in Madison avenue, during which the great panopath declared:

"Yes, your information is correct, and I am willing to repeat and defy the entire scientific world to disprove it. I am just as ready to cure any heart disease or other organic weakness, deafness, consumption, Bright's disease, cancer, locomotor ataxia, paralysis or any of the diseases usually pronounced incurable, as I am to cure rheumatism, stomach trouble, kidney disorders, catarrh, or any such ill that human flesh is heir to. I can banish pain, renew the vital energies, restore strength to organs broken down by disease, age or accident, and make health and happiness take the place of illness and sorrow.

"I consider that I have made some new and wonderful discovery unknown to medical science.

"You may be interested to know the secret of life. I now know and understand the cause of disease, and therefore how to prevent and cure it.

"And then these miracles of healing are due to this discovery?"

"Yes, I have discarded the useless drugs and medicines commonly prescribed by physicians, and have found that the human body is as much superior to modern medical practice as the sun is to the electric light. I have experimented with the human body and have experienced I find that I have the power to cure any disease without either coming to see me or my going to them. But you are mistaken in thinking that I have performed miracles. At least they are not miracles in the same way that the miracles of the Bible. They may seem just as wonderful, and beyond understanding, but they are merely simple scientific phenomena that demonstrate the great truth that Dr. Hadley has found."

"It is said that you have abandoned your practice in order that you may devote your entirely to this new line of work."

"Yes. Another reason I intend to go on curing anyone who is ill of any disease they have had during my life is that I have risen and now pocket no difference in my accounts. Before I had this discovery I realized that as a Christian it is my duty to the Great Master to help the sick and afflicted, and to do the work which He has ordained, however they be, whoever they are, and whatever their circumstances. I feel that I am specially called to command my services is to say that he or she who needs my help need not hesitate, and that anyone who is ill from any cause, and who will write me a letter or call on me, will give me a letter addressing William Wallace Hadley, 1 West 34th street, New York City, telling me the disease they suffer from, and I will tell them if I can cure them, and send them a course of home treatment without charge free of charge."

"Do you really mean that anyone who is sick and ailing can write to you, without paying you any money?"

"Certainly. I mean just that. Anyone. I am not a millionaire, and I appreciate the expense and trouble it will be to me, but I feel that I have given up my private practice if I was not willing to do this. I am glad to be able to help all who stand in need of it. And anyone who is ill can write to me, no matter how many miles away they may be, and I will cure them. I am especially anxious to cure those cases where both doctors and drugs have failed. I feel sure what other men may say or what they may think, I am doing my duty to God and humanity by this work of healing, the disease which they give me an opportunity to demonstrate beyond doubt that there is no disease I may not cure."

Afraid He'll Skip.

Bank President—I hear that our cashier has turned Christian Scientist.

Director—By Jove! I hope he won't give us any absent treatment.—Life.

Still Working Him.

Uncle Sam, reports the census bureau, has 71,169 persons working for him. Space might be saved by omitting the preposition for.—Puck.

WITH THE OCEAN TERROR;

OR

THE CHASE OF A SEA DEVIL.

BY JNO. J. ROSENKRANS.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 2, Jan. 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEEP-SEA TRAMP.

Larry and Wool were now called in, and the situation explained to them. They were willing, and even eager, to undertake the feat. So preparations were made at once.

The diving suits were brought out and Harry saw that all the generators were filled with chemicals for their utmost capacity. Before putting the suits on, however, the situation was again discussed.

But there seemed no other way out of the dilemma. It was finally decided to take the midget chance.

Harry had a compass enclosed in a waterproof case, a heavy pencil was pulled out, for they all knew it would be a good while before they would be able to get another. Then a look was taken at the effects on board the submarine boat.

As Harry was crossing the forward cabin he noted a thrilling fact. Water was trickling across the cabin floor. Frank saw it, also, and exchanged startled glances with him.

"What is it, Harry?" exclaimed Frank.

"Well," replied the young inventor, "it looks to me as if we had started a plate, and was leaking!"

"After them we will be obliged to leave her anyway!"

"Yes. So we will!"

Harry went down into the hold. He comprehended the situation at once. The boat was indeed leaking, and the leak was such as could only be repaired in dry dock. Frank knew the truth. They were compelled to leave the boat!

In a few hours, at furthest, she would be filled with water and would sink, submarine boat Ocean Terror was doomed. She would never rise from the arm of old Father Neptune. She was a sacrifice to the determination of the terrible Sea Devil. However, Harry would not have felt so bad if it had left them the certainty of saving their own life. As it was, it looked certainly as if the voyagers were to be sacrificed also. But the young inventor and his lips firmly and said:

"We must reach the atoll, anyway. It is our sole hope."

"Hegorra," exclaimed Larry, "we moight as well start down as after a bit. Are you all ready?"

"Yes!" replied Harry.

The searchlight was set to the westward to light them on their way. However, all carried electric lamps on their helmets, so they were not so badly off for light.

The Ocean Terror was left behind, and the four adventurers were on their own pedestrian tramp under the sea. Harry carried a pedometer so that he could measure the distance as they proceeded.

At the outset the course was very easy. The floor of the ocean appeared smooth and made very good time. Harry proceeded strictly by the guidance of the compass. In about two hours he consulted the pedometer and found they had gone six miles.

This was encouraging, and when he communicated the fact to the others they were delighted. Twenty miles to cover and if they were lucky enough to strike the island. If not—every one shuddered at the thought. But they could hardly hope to cover the fourteen miles so easily. Thus far they had met with no opposition. The chief difficulty lay in walking, as it was an unnatural gait, and they were liable to slip and descurrents, and made them a trifle giddy and seasick.

However, by indulging in frequent periods of rest, they made good progress until ten hours had elapsed. Then they came to the edge of a serious fall. If they slipped over the verge of a precipice it was to descend with a soft motion through hundreds of feet of water, and strike the bottom as lightly as a cork.

The unpleasant part of this was that the shock would cause one to rebound several times, so that a bobbing up and down motion would ensue for some time.

But this was overcome after a while and they were able to go on. In the course of their journey they had reached the summit of a mountain peak, which was not fifty feet from the surface.

Through the water, which was transparent, they saw the sky and the sun shining brightly. But there was no such point of land to enable them to emerge from the sea.

So they were obliged to keep on. Twelve hours of this sort of work, however, nearly exhausted them. All felt sleepy, and it was finally decided to indulge. So a safe hiding-place was found in a little cave of coral, and there they fell asleep. They were now, by Harry's calculation, about six miles from the atoll. But they could go no farther without rest. Soon all were fast asleep. It was afterward remembered by the voyagers as the sweetest of slumbers.

Harry was the first to awake. He could have slept on for hours, but a glance at his chronometer told him they must push on.

Every hour that they were without food lessened their strength and chances of reaching the island. So he aroused the others. The effect of the tramp was now to be seen. The sleep, although delicious, had not refreshed them.

They were affected with languor and dullness. The action of the waves made them quite sick, but the start was bravely made.

But the new journey was now resolved into a most serious matter. Every yard, every foot, brought sufferings to which they toiled on. Then Harry made signs that only one more mile remained.

This cheered them up, and they plodded on. At last the mile was covered. They were sure of it. Land was not in sight, was there?

The faces of all behind the helmet windows were pale as death. There was a mistake! Could they have walked the hundreds of miles away! It might not exist!

In horror and despair all sank down, and might have died then and there abandoned themselves to their miserable fate had it not been for Harry. The young inventor was all pluck.

He actually dragged the despondent ones to their feet and in this manner they staggered on. Harry knew well enough the possibility of his having made an error in the exact reckoning of distance.

But he believed he could not have erred more than a mile or two. So he clung to the belief that the atoll was not more than a mile distant yet.

With intense suffering the party now dragged themselves onward. Then there was a ray of hope shot down upon them. The bed of the ocean began to rise, and shore fish were seen.

With renewed spirits they climbed on. Soon every one threw off their helmets. The lights on their helmets were no longer needed. Ahead was the blue sky and sun shining brightly.

Harry was true they were approaching the atoll, or was only the land beneath the deep-sea peak?

He was the first to set his head above water. He unloosened the lock of his helmet and threw it off. He drank in the warm, pure air and the sunlight of a balmy morning. It was like an elixir of life to him. He felt himself once more a human being.

"We are saved! Thank God, we are saved!" he cried.

"Glory to de Lawd! We am saved at last!" shouted Pete.

"Whurroo! Hejabers, thanks to the saints and to the Holy Trinity, we are alive!" yelled Larry.

"Yes," replied Harry. "We are indeed saved! We are saved!" he added.

This was true. The sight before them was a magnificent one. The tropical verdure was like a dream before them.

They rushed through the combing surf, and threw themselves upon the silvery sand. Despite their hunger they were overjoyed fast. The fresh air revived them mightily. After resting themselves for a while, they spent a brief time in returning thanks to God for His mercy. Then they began to think of their hunger.

But there were shellfish along the shore, and Pete built a fire. Soon they had some of these cooking. A little spring of water bubbled out of the cliffs, and in the woods back of the shore were bananas and cocoanuts. They enjoyed a hearty meal and then slept.

A few days sufficed for all to recover completely. One day, while exploring the cliffs, Frank spied a sail. It was a prize manned by Malays. But they were orang lant (men of the sea), and not pirates, and they readily came to the rescue of the castaways.

With the promise of a reward, they carried the castaways to the nearest island port, where a trading ship was found. On board this the submarine navigators finally reached Manila.

From there they were soon homeward bound. Nothing of note occurred on the voyage. When they arrived at San Francisco, a tremendous sensation was created.

Lieutenant Ashton wired at once to the Secretary of the Navy that the Sea Devil was destroyed. Back came a letter of congratulations to all, with the offer of indemnity to Harry Rosedale for the loss of his submarine boat, and signed by both the Secretary of the Navy and the President.

Promotion for Frank was also hinted at. The young lieutenant at once started for Washington. The rest were to start for home in a few days.

When they bade Frank farewell, he shook hands with Lerry and Wool, but he embraced Harry and said:

"Be sure, old chum, I shall never forget your kindness, for I owe all to you. Perhaps I can return the favor in some small way, some time."

But Harry, the man of iron nerves, only smiled and replied:

"There is nothing to return, old boy. I have enjoyed the adventure fully as much as you have. Perhaps we shall enjoy another at some later date. Bear my regards to your dear old mother, and tell her I remember her as when we were boys at school. I will visit you both at an early date. Until then, good-by."

Thus the four friends parted.

The End.

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE

Why Blondes Are Rapidly Disappearing and Brunettes Taking Their Place on Earth.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society, of London, England, Dr. Shrubsall brought forward some very remarkable statistics, showing that the blond type or woman is rapidly going out of existence, and the brunette type taking its place.

The extinction of the blonde, according to Mr. Balfour, is due to the fact that blondes are more subject to the diseases of early childhood, such as measles, diphtheria, etc.

On the other hand, it is a fact, proved by the thousands of letters received daily by the Ladies' Advisory Department of the Chattanooga Medicine Co., that Wine of Cardui, or Tonic, (Proprietors of "Wine of Cardui" for female complaints), that a much larger number of brunettes than blondes suffer from female complaints, such as menstrual irregularities, pain, nervousness, dizziness, falling of the womb, ovaritis, leucorrhoea, miscarriage, barrenness, nervousness, headache, backache, etc.

If you could read through the vast correspondence with women of every age and condition of life, which is handled by the Chattanooga Medicine Co., you would appreciate the great value of the Institution to sick women.

Pitiful tales of suffering and distress, describing years of pain and illness, praying for help.

Answers to these, containing free medical advice, and simple instructions how to successfully treat these painful diseases in the privacy of their own homes.

Letters are received later from these same women, who had been restored to health through following directions.

If in doubt, write freely and frankly, describing every symptom of your trouble, whatever it is, and they will do all they can for you. All letters kept confidentially secret, and reply sent in plain, sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Department A, Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. A blank for this purpose appears on the upper right hand corner of page 5 of this issue.

Back From the Dead.

(Continued from page three.)

attention upon her person once more, "you can get down my stocking."

"Maybe I can," said Howard, hovering over her. "That's just the way my 'lastic is sized, but there is a nod in yours."

"You're spoiled Ellen" looking up and throwing back her chin to laugh at him. "Then you un-nod it."

"We guess I'll have to bite it. Ain't you big around! You're bigger around than me."

"I'm bigger around the higher up I get," said Ellen. "But don't you bite me, either!"

"You're awful white," remarked Howard. "I'm speckled. There! Now pull it down."

"They ain't any blood," said Ellen, examining her knee critically.

"No," said Howard, with relief, "there ain't even a piece. Well, where does your knee begin, though? It looks all just the same 'way up from here."

At this moment came Jennie Felton's stern and startled voice. "Ellen!" It was immediately followed by Glen's less loud voice, calling the pet name of her son, "Bunbeam!" Then both together, "Come here this instant!" Then ended the first tete-a-tete between Ellen Felton and Howard Glen.

In the course of years, Mrs. Felton and the mother of Howard Glen became good friends. Mrs. Felton always sought to impress upon her little Ellen that she was of a finer order of guest than Howard as an inferior. The children played together every day till they grew up, then came a deep reserve.

The years swept on, bright with the bubbles of youth. Ellen became sixteen. Her form was still a little below the medium, and was still rounded and trembling with perfect health. The golden curls had darkened somewhat, and had the deep gray eyes; the cheeks were as exquisitely moulded and of as warm and perfect a white as in her infancy. There was an air of reserve about her which shielded her from the approach of the many. But to her intimate few she was impulsive, gay and faithful. She was a leader among the children in her room at school, because those who envied or disliked her, as well as those who loved, were compelled either to follow in her lead or be "left out." She seemed no one on account of his station in life, but felt a frank and unreserved indifference for those beneath her. She did nothing to conciliate—those who attached themselves to her did so of their own will. Honors came to her, and she felt them her due, but sought them never.

Howard had grown up a fine, slim fellow, with his open mind as pure and unsullied as in his early boyhood. He was a solitary youth, first in all his classes and last with his schoolmates. Indeed, he was as a stranger to them. He did not care for their sports, he shrank from their rudeness. But his nature was not melancholy. One might often see him and his mother laughing together like two care-free children. The boy, however, was not care-free. The change in Ellen was his boyish sorrow—that kind of sorrow which one may lay aside to enjoy a good dinner, and take up again when there is nothing else on hand.

Though seventeen, or, perhaps, because he was seventeen, Howard considered himself a grown man, and Ellen a mature lady. He looked upon the present situation as the ultimate. Four years Ellen had avoided him, at first obviously, later with that graceful art which so disguises itself, one is left to guess if it is not the work of chance. They had not played together for a long time. Ellen had not been in his mother's house lately unless sent upon a brief errand, or attended by her mother. Sometimes Howard went to Mrs. Felton's, making his lessons an excuse, and he was never mistreated, nor cordially received. Sometimes he fancied Ellen disliked him; again he concluded that she was merely indifferent to him. At rare moments he thought he saw a kindly beam for him in her eye.

Once she had said, You must not call me 'Lellen.' That is not my name." Her mother had cried, sharply, "Don't, Ellen, me." They lived no near each other. It was a matter of chance that opportunities exist. He saw her often every day, about her house, and in the same room at school. They were even in the same classes, and sometimes sat together, but her aloofness, her quiet, fooling, as they met face to face she would give him a friendly little nod, and resume her study. But it seemed they were never going the same way, nor did she ever have time to stop and talk with him as she did with others—with Basil Quiteron, for instance. Basil and Ellen were often going the same way. Nay, Howard had seen her turn aloof and return with Basil. She and Basil were great friends.

"Mollie," said Mrs. Felton, "your income is small, and Howard is large enough now to do a little toward your support. Has he ever shown an aptitude for any kind of work?"

"He is a good milker," said Mrs. Glen, without enthusiasm.

"He will be obliged to work for his living," said Jennie, "and I have authoritative tone, "and he may as well begin now. Every boy should be self-helpful. He will earn fifty cents a day. It's all arranged."

"The mill! Oh, no—"

"Yes, the mill."

"But all those wheels and machinery—he'll get killed."

"He will begin next Saturday," said Jennie fixedly. Perhaps an inquiry voice whispered to Mollie, "You would be a neighbor to her! Now see what you get!" Be that as it may, Howard did work the next Saturday.

One evening in May, Howard sat disconsolately in the yard, saddened by the delicious scent of flowers and blossoms. They seemed to speak to him of something he missed from his life. It was Friday, and Ellen had been absent all day—of the world. All that week, as week after week in the past, he had been charged by the only person in the institution could have given happiness. He sat on the grass in a twilight dream, thinking of Ellen, and Ellen. For instance—if Ellen would come out of doors!

Then Ellen came out.

He pretended not to see her, but there was a rustle of her in the couple form in its short dress, which he did not perceive. Once he would have risen at her approach—but so long ago! He dropped his head. Her hair gleamed duskily golden, her cheeks flushed and her eyes burned with some excitement. If she would come to him—oh! she would only come to him!

Then Ellen came to him.

Howard scrambled to his feet in a delirium of ecstatic joy.

"Are you going to work in the mill tomorrow?" asked Ellen, looking at him steadily.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," said Howard, "and I know that I shall have a quarter. It's an adventure. Your mother won't care, will she?"

"Oh, no," said Howard, "she doesn't want me to work, anyway—not that kind of work. I should love farming. When I am able she and I will live on one."

This strange and pastoral story will be continued in next week's Ledger, continuing and augmenting the strong interest awakened in the first chapter. Readers need not who desires to subscribe for the Ledger is entitled to our free premiums and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

High Pitch.

There was a young man who worked on a farm;
He sang in a Baptist church choir;
His voice was pitched high, but there came
A song a bull
An pitched it some twenty feet higher.
—Yonkers Statesman.

WE WILL TRUST YOU.

Nothing Down

on the Victor. Pay us only for the Records when you order and pay for the Victor in easy monthly payments. Victors $15.00 and upward; Records 50c. and upward.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SECURE

A Victor Talking Machine

under the above remarkable offer. Responsible readers of this paper can do it. WRITE TODAY. One of these splendid musical instruments enables you to entertain your family and friends with

Grand Opera, Comic Opera, Sousa's Band, Popular Songs, Banjo Solos, Whistling Duets, Minstrel Songs, etc., etc.

We could not make this great offer if we did not believe that your neighbors would follow your lead and also secure Victors from us.

The greatest value of the present day. Do not confuse the Victor with toys or imitations.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE.

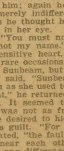
INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut out this adv't and write your name on the margin and mail to us. We will send you full particulars.

LYON & HEALY, 11 Adams St., Chicago
(ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS.)

☞ The publisher of this paper fully guarantees this remarkable offer and endorses the Victor as the greatest musical entertainer the world has ever seen.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.


Write for free sewing Machine Catalog.

$5.15 upwards we offer for sale the largest assortment in the world of BALL-BEARING SEWING MACHINES that is perfect work; among which is OUR HIGH ARM "CLAYTON-ORCHEAD" $8.65 and our wonderful "FAULTLESS" $13.95 MACHINE AT Bearing Machine at

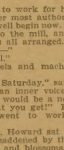
which equal a $50 sewing machine at any price. We have drophead, cyclehead, rotary and automatic styles, in plain or richly carved cabinets, all finished in the latest fashion. Let us send you a sewing machine on trial, which possess all improvements of 40 to 50 machines on sale. WE SELL MACHINE CATALOGS direct to the people, and explain why we can save them $10 to $25 on a machine. Illustrated our catalogs in detail, fully describing construction and workmanship, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using our machines, and contains complete sewing instructions. It is upwards equal any other machines, no matter what the name may be. We guarantee every machine for 20 years, and allow you a month's free test to examination and allow you to return machine at our expense if not satisfactory. Write for our sewing machine catalog before you buy. 765-767 W. Madison St.

John M. Smyth Co. Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FAT FOLKS

Die Young



Excessive Fat or Corpulency is a disease to a thousand deaths. Sir Henry Thompson, a famous authority, says: "Not one person in fifty lives to what is called old age. The typical man or woman of 50 or 70, still retaining a reasonable amount of energy of mind & body is lean & spare. How many very old people do you know who are over fat? Count them on your fingers & you will find very few. Fat people rarely reach old age. Over-fatness interferes with the action of the heart & other organs; that is why fat people get pale & sallow, have an excessive appetite & often die suddenly from **HEART FAILURE, KIDNEY DISEASE or APOPLEXY.** If you are **too fat** you can easily reduce your weight half a pound a day without starving or exercising by using a harmless remedy that will not require you to make a martyr of yourself, & it is as harmless as a cup of tea & will not take a dollar out of your pocket. Mrs. S. Mann of La Monte, Iowa, writes: "My new girl weighs more than myself."

I Lost 70 Pounds

in less than three months and have not gained an ounce in two years." Miss Grace Smith, of Linden, N. Y., writes: "Five years ago I took your Fat Pounder and was reduced 98 pounds in six months. The result is permanent, as I have not gained an ounce since." Mrs. Ida Wright, Detroit Health Medic, writes: "Mr. H. H. Fraser, Concord, Mich.,

Rheumatism and Heart Disease.

writes: "Your remedy not only reduced my weight permanently, but cured me completely of Rheumatism. Don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs. Our method is perfectly safe, natural and scientific. It strengthens the heart and nerves and makes you feel like a new creature. Don't delay a day longer. Write today.

Treatment Free Stomach, Fat Hips, etc. Any one can make this simple remedy at home. We will mail full directions free to all who send us a postal. Sealed wrapper FREE to any address. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address

E. R. MARSHALL & CO., 227 MARSHALL BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Tank, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA is FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of the choicest and most entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other paper has devoted more space to fiction and a larger corps of writers of such work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

MY PILE CURE
FREE TO TRY

Don't Let Your Piles Run Into Fistula and Cancer. Send Your Name Today and get THIS DOLLAR PACKAGE FREE on Approval—30 If 10U.

"I want everyone who has **Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation** or any other rectal trouble, to send me his or her name. I will send by return mail my new **Three-fold Absorption Cure,** my new-found combination of remedies which in curing cases of even 30 to 40 years' standing—after all else had failed. Don't be discouraged. I am curing the most malignant cases—cases considered incurable. Try my treatment. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, send me one dollar. If not, send nothing. **You decide.** If you have piles, or the itching, burning or heavy feeling which shows that they are coming, don't delay. They lead to Fistula and the deadly Cancer.

Here's what you get free on approval (see illustration above): 1. One tube of my **Absorptive Pisamo,** with my **Rectal Applicator,** (which quickly heals all itching and soreness, even in very bad cases. 2. One package of my **Wonder Food Cocoa,** which cures constipation and nourishes the membrane. 3. One box of my **Pile Pills,** which prevent the cause of Piles and Constipation making cures permanent. Free. Vol. Eats, of Order, 50, Med. Specialist, Dept. 1, 1 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich. Testimony.

My New Book on Rectal Troubles, illustrated in colors, sent free with the treatment, all in plain wrapper. Send no money—only your name. Write today.

DR. VAN HEUSEN CO., 82 A, MARSHALL BLDG., JACKSON, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE Guaranteed ... Sent by mail ... P. E. ANDERSON, 16 THIRD STREET, ALTON, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS For treating little ... Sent ... Address ... Thomas D. W.C.O. Building, DENVER, Colo.

RODS For locating gold ... Sent ... Address ... Co., DENVER, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

NEW CARDS ... ASSORTED ... CARD CO., Clifton, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS The latest improved and most ... Send for ... A. L. LOWRY, P.O. Box 1851-69, DENVER, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Ruptured Send for our ... SCIENTIFIC TRUSS ... *On Free Trial* ... "THE ONLY PERFECT TRUSS." ... Only Truss Sold on Merit. ... Write Today. ... P. BARGEN CO., 1st Ave. S., Minneapolis.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN CURED

If you have small, weak organs, lost ... Varicocele, Stricture, Nervousness, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rupture, Piles, Rheumatism, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, Skin and Private Diseases, Call or write for my FREE ADVICE and FREE BOOK. Both are free to you. Consultation free. Medicine furnished. Hours 9 to 5 daily, 7 to 8 evenings, 10 to 12 Sundays. Dr. Walker's Specialists, 1 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Acme Big Co., 541 Barclay Blk., Denver, Col.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE

I will send to any sufferer of lost ... Varicocele, Blood Poison, Kidney ... Stricture, Nervousness, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Rheumatism, Stomach or Bowel ... send several copies or reference ... will quickly restore to natural vigor, ... being my method of treating the sick. ... Write me today for a free package ... preference to a professional ... Thousands have used this ... testimonials from all the ... Address: Prof. A. E. ROBINSON, ... Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

FOR NINETEEN YEARS

We have made a specialty of blood poison, especially **Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison** (Syphilis), and can, and will, cure it. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We guarantee the most ... cases and refund the money ... in 15 to 35 days. ... and we mean what we say. ... Have taken mercury and potash, Mercury Poisons in the Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100 Page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO.

1703 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Gold and Glacier.

(Continued from page seven.)

mine. Lookin 's though there'd have to be a reck'ning sooner or later, don't it?"

"I did not shoot Jake Jernigan; *Jim* I did shoot, but it was a clear case of self-defense; these others—well, you know how this came about. There's no man living has such a horror of taking human life, and yet it has been forced upon me to do the very thing I would not, and I possess to avoid. Still, that's neither here nor there. What I want you to promise is this—"

"You don't mean to say you expect me to let up, do you, after I've been to all this risk, and, besides, my reputation at stake?"

Rothwell's professional instinct was strong, and he felt it as a personal grievance that Kern should demand a cessation of hostilities just at the time he, would have termed it—the prettiest case against him that ever detective built conviction on.

"I've got a dead man here living on you, Hestwood, and it would be all my reputation's worth to let it go, but can't expect me—"

"Not a bit of it," said Kern, smiling in spite of the gravity of the situation, and walking slowly toward the detective. "What I want about you is a favor for myself, but for my friends. I know you couldn't keep a promise not to pursue me further; the hyena instinct is too strong in your blood. You're bound to follow a trail, or bring me in dead or alive, or leave me a corpse in somebody's graveyard. You couldn't leave a man living, my friend, and I would rather know you as an open enemy than a hidden foe. But it's time this matter have been drawn into this affair, through no fault of their own. As you know, they are as innocent as any boys, aren't they?"

"Well, I can't say but they are."

"Dick Rothwell, you know it, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I do. But what of it?"

"This: I don't want you to come on me in a way that shall involve them. They know I am hidden for a time with you—see; but I don't want them to get mixed up in it at all. So, suppose we part now, again—as I suppose you will, when you see a good chance—just do it in a way that shall leave them clear. Is it a bargain, then, together?"

"Reckon that'll be mighty hard to do, Hestwood. You're mostly along with 'em all the time, an' you'll be with 'em all winter, won't you?"

The wily detective thought he saw an opportunity for obtaining valuable information; but he didn't get it.

"Not necessarily. I'm under no agreement with anybody. In fact, I think I shall get some dogs and set out for St. Michael, a little later on."

"No? Then why not come with me? There's a big reward waitin' for me, an' good team of dogs. Snappin' good chance for you to go right along."

"Thanks, but I'm particular as to my company. Well, how about the promise?"

"Oh, that's all right, I'll do the best I can, on my life. Let's shake."

They mounted their sledges near together, by this time, and the detective had only to thrust out his hand, to place it in the grasp of the man he had followed with such vindictiveness.

But Hestwood was on the watch. He saw a gleam in the detective's eye which warned him most plainly of treachery on his sides, he would not have grasped the villain's hand under any circumstances, but stepped back a pace and quietly said, as he threw his rifle forward from its resting-place in the hollow of his arm:

"No, your promise will answer. Come, it's cold standing here. You'd best be on your journey ahead of you."

"What! You mean 'pin' to send me back to Circle all alone, an' without any grub, are you?"

Rothwell was distinctly disappointed, for he was much the larger man of the two, and had counted upon getting a grip on his opponent and throwing him into the snow. After that his course was clear.

"Oh, I'm sure you can't get lost. The dogs know the way back, and will take you there without a fault. Why, I've had with me on my five experienced men like you and your posse would be nothing at all, and this reminds me," Kern continued, thoughtfully glancing at the stiffened corpses huddled together in the sledge, "I've a notion I would like to search your late companions and take back with me any valuables they may possess. And I would suggest that you bring your dogs to them and take them back to Circle on the sledges."

"Oh, I'll search 'em, all right, if you've no objections, but—but—how am I to travel with me—God! it's bad enough to have to make that trip alone, but with four dead men as company!" The detective shivered and averted his eyes from the gruesome spectacle in the rear.

"As you like," rejoined Hestwood; "but it's not a nice thing to have one's bones picked by the wolves, or the bones of one's companions. Suppose you take them over there to my little fort and we'll pile snow above them and tramp it down. That's the best we can do."

"That's about the cheese," said the detective. But he added, with a low growl, that might want to use that fort again, Hestwood, some time soon.

"Not soon, I fancy. And I shouldn't accommodate you so far as to wait your coming in the same spot. I'll leave you to get out of it, you know."

"Right you are, Hestwood. And you're a cute one, by the Lord! But I'll trip you yet, see 'f I don't. Reputation's at stake, you see."

"Yes, I see. But you needn't point that revolver this way. Hand it to me—butt first, if you please. And that other one, too; also that big knife. There, that will do. Now go on with your search."

The detective had been "going through" the clothes of his late companions—not an easy task, by the way, the occupants of them were so twisted and contorted—and he had clutched at Jernigan's "gun" as a drowning man might have grasped at a straw. In a moment he had turned it toward Hestwood, who was standing by watching proceedings, but the latter dropped his rifle easily into a position controlling the situation, and then delivered himself of the advice just given.

"Hang it all, Hestwood, ain't you goin' to let me have a single gun to take 'long with me on the trip? It's d——n dangerous, let me tell you, with bears an' Injuns a-prowling about, not to speak of the Injuns!"

"Look here, I'm getting tired of this," Hestwood spoke sternly, and the man knew by the tone that he meant trifling. "Finish up that job as soon as you can, and then take the back track, Great Caesar's ghost! One would hardly think that I had your life at my mercy, the last half-hour, and good cause for taking it, too!"

The detective scowled, but did not venture to reply. Should he be used such expedition that soon the unfortunate victims of Hestwood's power would be seen on the way in the fort beneath a blanket of well-trodden snow. Then, after having made a package of the firearms, Kern signed Rothwell to shoulder it and lead the way to the sledges.

They trudged along slowly, painfully, the detective in addition to his ominous burden watching him a rod or two in the rear. After an hour or so of tramping, Hestwood called a halt, and from the hollow of the vast white plain, and another hour showed to be a deep gully, the two occupants. It drove furiously, straight for the pair of pedestrians, and when within hail, when the men were shown to be Evelyn and Siwash, covered from head to foot with snow.

"Hello, Dick!" said Siwash, digging the ice out of his eyes and beard. "How long since you carried a pack? What's it all mean, Kern? Is this all there is left us to—"

Kern nodded, and Siwash gave vent to a long, jubilant whoop.

"Well, I declar' to thunder! The hull lot and yer come to life again!"

Kern nodded again, and Rothwell cursed and growled.

"Well, yer would go, Dick. We warned yer; told yer 'twas like runnin' up ag'in' a empty gun—but yer can't blame the boy, nuther. He did jest what you'd 'a' done under like circumstances."

"Oh, shut up your pertater trap, you blamed chunk of wood!" came. Give me that sledge and let me git on."

Thus spoke the detective, but Siwash was in no hurry to comply with his wish. "Let me hasn by all this back talk, Kern? Everything's chirky, an' we're free? I'm goin' ter git his neck stretched afore sundown! We've got a warrant fer you, Kern. Yer let him travil back ter Circle? Why, 'twon't be a month afore he'll be back ag'in with ernuther warrant. Kern, yer don't! But i's gone," said Siwash, reluctantly and with a sigh, for he was even yet weak, as must be expected. "Then, this 'ere team's frisky's a string o' colts. Anyhow I tipped ne over, didn't they, Arthur?"

The team was turned about, with a good deal of difficulty, and the drivers took themselves away in the skins, and the fighting, eating and sleeping began. Rothwell arrived there, a bountiful dinner was served in one of the cabins, and Rothwell, after he had been warned not to attempt to take possession of his sledge and told to make himself scarce.

He was surly yet, despite his hospitable treatment at the hands of the miners, but he bottled up his wrath until on the point of departure, when he shook his fist at Hestwood and gritted his teeth, as he gathered up the reins: "I'll git you yit, by the livin' God!"

"Well, perhaps you will," Kern replied, good-humoredly, "but you'll have to wait a month for the next bout."

"Or a parting shot," said Siwash, and when the dogs had started him on what he thought was a safe distance, he yelled: "Hat we've got Mike Fagan an' Jack Bigley in Seattle jail!"

He was right, spinning through the snow, which formed a cloud about him and his team, and another moment would be out of sight, when a warning sound from the side of the cabin, but he snatched it up, and Agnes Hestwood, with her dishevelled mass of brow, let drive. There was a howl, a curse, a shout and yells, and the mass of snow and mist seemed to be gyrating around a common center, but without making any progress in any direction.

Dashing toward it, Hestwood dived into the snow and emerged with Siwash, leaving Rothwell by the collar: "Now," he said, giving him a preliminary shake, "tell me what you mean by such remarks." His face was white and drawn, his eyes blazing, and his whole frame trembling with rage, which with effort prevented from clutching the detective by the throat.

"I meant just that," said the astonished man, only too well convinced that his parting shot had told.

"Was it your doings? Did it happen before you left?"

"N-o. It's the truth, so help me God! They overtook me up to Circle by private letter just before we left."

"And you know nothing more than that?"

"Not a word. Only that was out and Jake Jernigan had told some of the neighbors on the day of the row, that a telegist stopped in your cabin over night, and was mixed up in that affair. The officers got on track of it, and finally run down the very woman who had your horse. She would say nothing, so they put her in jail. That's all."

"All? Nothing more?"

"No, as I live."

"Then go. Cut that dead dog loose, Tom, and let the poor cuss off."

No second command was necessary, and the sledge was soon involved in another cloud of mist; but no taunt emerged from it, this time.

This powerful story of life and love in the far Northwest will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. To each subscriber we are still giving our cameras and patterns free as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Free to Weak Men

Send Your Name and Address Today. You can have a Trial Treatment Absolutely Free.

We will gladly send to anyone, free of charge, a trial treatment of our wonderful treatments for the cure of men who are suffering from nervous debility, loss of vitality, vital weakness, exhausted drains at night, varicocele, and all kindred results of early indiscretions; also stricture, blood poison in the first, second or third stage, and all other venereal or private diseases of men.

Don't suffer another day, but send us a description of the trouble so tell you what these wonderful remedies have done for others. The quickest way to convince you that the remedies will do all that we claim for them is to have you give them a trial. So call saying is, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

We earnestly and sincerely ask you to write to us at once, for we know that after a letter we will have established confidence, and you will receive a sufficient quantity to convince you that this treatment is what you have so long looked for in vain, and a treatment that will quickly restore you to your full manly strength and vigor. Simply send your name and address to the Interstate Remedy Co., 941 Jack Building, Kansas City, Mo., and we will gladly send you, absolutely free, a trial treatment with full directions as to its use.

NOTE The above is indeed a fair and liberal offer, as the doctors connected with the Interstate Remedy Co. are all skilled, experienced specialists.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOOKS! PHOTOS! TIP TOP! Send stamp for ... per cent of finds. Terms ... Sworn testimonials 2 cents. ... Co., Dept. 1, Lattimore, North Carolina.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS For locating gold and silver, lost treasure, ... When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. E. Stephens Co., Box 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS For locating gold and silver, lost treasure. Send stamp for ... BENJAMIN BIRD, Box 127-69, DALLAS, TEXAS

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SONGS WRITERS. Words, Leading Music Firm ... Send ... Latest Songs & Music, Catalogue and ... Publishers, 45 Gaff Building, New York. Publishers of the Celebrated Songs, The Parson and the Actress, Mother Machree, Sweet Adeline, The Fortune Teller, The Wearin' of the Green, Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me Still, Etc. Etc. LATEST SONGS & MUSIC, words and music ... Send ... Publishers, 45 Gaff Building, New York. Publishers of the Celebrated Songs, The Parson and the Actress, Mother Machree, Sweet Adeline, The Fortune Teller, The Wearin' of the Green, Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me Still, Etc. Etc. STAR SONG BOOK CO., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARBERS MAKE EASY MONEY ... We teach you the business thoroughly ... for a man that's ... to sell, or locate. Our FREE Catalog tells all about ... MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Chicago and ... 6 C. Bridgeport, Prop., 105 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

1½c WORDEN of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton or woolen goods of every kind. Gloves, underclothing, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. 12 Packages, assorted colors, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Worden Manufacturing Co., Box 1, Worden, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS

The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a Section Free. Send for ... and learn all about the ... and Canada. Address Land Office, Rathbun Building, Denver, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

Don't rule over your manhood or habits. My new Patented Electric Manhood Protector makes it impossible. A new invention that cures nervousness lost vitality, varicocele, weakening drains, etc., and restores the organs to their full strength and vigor.

This little invention can be worn undetected. It is a God-send to men and boys. Indorsed by leading physicians. No drugs, no belt, no C. O. D. fraud. Send for illustrated book, sent free in plain envelope. Mention this paper and address

ALLEN K. TODD, 406 16th St., Denver, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STRICTURE CURED

and all unhealthy conditions of the urethra no matter of what nature. **KENDRICK REMEDY** for **SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE.**

To prove this we send enough medicine FREE. No C. O. D. fraud. Write for free book and testimonials. Stricture, Enlarged Prostate and Weakened Vitality.

THE D. A. SKEEN CO.,

P. O. Box 564, L. - - Cincinnati, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FITS CURED EPILEPSY

I have devoted the past thirty years of my life to curing Fits, Epilepsy or Failing Sickness, and have effected cures in thousands of cases where all other remedies have failed. In order to prove the efficacy of my treatment, I will send a Free Bottle of my wonderful remedy to all sufferers of this dread disease who will write, giving Express and Post-Office address. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 Pearl St., New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Did Not Deceive Him.

An eminent naturalist who holds—and fills, as well—a chair in a university, announced to the members of his class one morning that he had something of unusual interest to show them.

"I have here, gentlemen," he said, "some hairs from the skin of a young crested seal, and we will proceed to study their peculiarities."

Unfolding the small piece of paper that contained them, he spread the hairs out on a sheet of white cardboard and turned to get his microscope, which was on a desk behind him.

While his back was turned a roguish student quickly swept the hairs off the desk into his hand and substituted others very closely resembling them.

"Young gentlemen," said the professor severely a moment later, as he glanced at the sheet of cardboard, "there has been some underground work here. These are mole hairs."

They never attempted to fool the professor again.

Caught in His Own Trap.

They were strolling up Central avenue, looking as happy as true lovers really can look. It was Saturday night and Rudolf had his weekly stipend in his inside pocket. It was while passing a darkened grocery that his good nature asserted itself in the following manner:

"Dearest, if yonder grocery was only open I would willingly purchase some mixed nuts and we could sit by your fireside tomorrow and crack them."

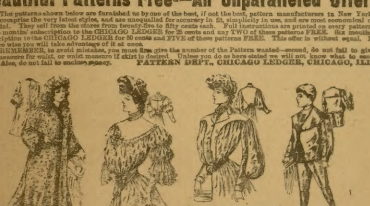
"Don't let that worry you, Rudolf," she replied. "There's a candy store across the street. You can buy me some caramels and you won't have to crack them."

And Roody had to make good.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. These monthly subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and any 15 of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and any 10 of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are taken you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, no stencil numbers, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for ladies' and misses' waists, and age for children. If skirt, waist measure. If skirt and waist, bust measure. Unless you do so have stated so, will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



4924 GIRL'S KIMONA 10-16 YRS.
4941 EVENING WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4936 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4920 BOYS BLOUSE SUIT 6-12 YRS.
4907 MISSES BOX PLAITED SKIRT 12-16 YRS.
4910 GIRLS DRESS 8-14 YRS.
4933 MISSES BLOUSE WAIST 12-16 YRS.
4928 NINE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4937 SHIRRED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4932 GIRLS COAT 4-12YRS.
4913 GIRLS RUSSIAN DRESS 4-10 YRS.
4923 BLOUSE COAT 32-42 BUST
4939 RIDING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.
4915 WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4922 NINE GORED BOX PLAITED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4929 SHIRRED SURPLICE WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4945 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4930 FIVE GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22-32 WAIST
4919 PLAIN SHIRT WAIST 32-44 BUST.
4942 WRAPPER OR HOUSE GOWN 32-42 BUST.
4925 BLOUSE-FAST JACKET OR SHIRT WAIST 32-42 BUST
4906 BATH ROBE 32-44 BUST.
4935 BREAK-FAST JACKET 32-42 BUST.

CASH OR CREDIT
Catalogue FREE.
ON CREDIT
BUGGIES from $20.00 up; terms $10 cash, balance $5.00 month; no interest. Surreys, Runabouts, Spring and Farm Wagons, direct from our factory to the user at factory prices; cash or easy monthly payments. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world. Write for free catalogue.
THE ENGLEWOOD CO.
Consolidated Factories,
Dept. 20 B. Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$50,000,000 WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS 1904
100,000,000 FEET OF HIGH GRADE LUMBER FOR SALE
SEND US YOUR LUMBER BILL FOR OUR ESTIMATE
SAVE FROM 30 TO 40 PER CENT.
CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., Exposition Grounds, St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I CURED MY RUPTURE.
I Will Show You How To Cure Yours
FREE
I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I healed them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me, and has cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 56, Watertown, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DEATH
begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, small-pox, cholera, typhoid, or any other of the dreadful diseases that sometimes desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are the filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS, perfect disinfectants and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are prevented by using Cascarets. The dealer who tries to sell something JUST AS GOOD when you ask for Cascarets, lies. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER
We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.
W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.
GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,
Name.....
Street..... Town.....
Date..... State.....

EPILEPSY ITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness or have children that do so, BE SURE and send for a free trial bottle of Dr. Taft's Epileptic Remedy. It has cured in the last 30 days THE WORST CASES of Epileptic and Test St. Thousands CURED. Others report benefit who failed. Complete directions with free treatment. Send name, address and express office plainly. Free by mail. Only 25c. and one full address

W. H. MAY, M. D.,
96 PINE ST., NEW YORK.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MUSIC To songs, complete words and music. To introduce this New Revolving Collection, 100 Choice, Famous, Rich Songs, words and music, only 10c. postpaid.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DENTINE—Fill your own teeth. Write for instructions. Yale Dentine Co., 126 Walnut Av., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ROYALTY PAID on SONG POEMS Short Stories, Books, Plays. Send for free booklet. Manuscript Bureau, 1 Parkhill, 24 Walnut St., Orange, N. J.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

50 Fine White Envelopes neatly printed with return card, name and address or cancer for 50c. Sample and 100 Cir. Acme Printing Co., Dept. B, Buffalo, N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FARMS for SALE in any part of the U. S. Write for free catalogue. Mention State. J. MILLALL, Real Estate Expert, Kansas City, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS SECRET SOCIETY. Full C. M. S., by Journals, 25c. Rules, Law of Initiation, Secret Work, Constitution, Password Journals, Seals, Stamps, Etc. Complete, 10c. C. M. S., GAS PARK, COLORADO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD. FILL YOUR TEETH with Gold. Any one can do it. Gold Foil and Gold Crystal. Stops all toothache. Saves the tooth. Can be put in by anyone. Fits them all. 15c EACH by mail. Agents Wanted. Big Profits. Circulars free. DR. H. FRANCIS CO., Fremont, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Underground Treasure Book, 6th and 9th Ed. Revised and Enlarged. Locating Gold, Silver, Coal, Oil and Water. Sent postpaid for 25c. Address H. G. Stadler, Dept. 59W, Harrisburg, Pa.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GINSENG $20,000.00 made from half acre. Send for our free booklet. It tells how. Address for postage and get booklet G, telling all about it. GINSENG GARDEN, JOPLIN, MO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CUT THIS OUT If you want 132 different samples of magazines and newspapers to read with life, for 1 year's subscription to The Welcome Visitor, the best original household paper, which will receive for 12 long months and 101 samples as premium. Address The Welcome Doors, Pontiac, Mich.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

So. Dak. Trees and Shrubs

are hardy and productive. None better or cheaper. Our catalogs with 25 years' experience is free. Address sec. H. White Builders, Box 24, Elk Point, South Dakota.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

I PAY SPOT CASH

For Military Bounty Land Warrants issued to soldiers of any war. Write me at once, address plain. FRANK H. KEGER, Beath Block, DENVER, Colo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE FOR ONE YEAR

Our monthly market letter giving valuable advice and latest information on high class speculation. Also our book telling how dollars can be turned into fortunes. Both sent free for one year. THE ROGERS CO., Inc., 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED 15 lbs a month. Never weighs sickness. Anyone can make it at home. Sent C. O. D. to any one if not satisfactory. Full Chemical Co., 27 Iber St., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

NO HAIR NO PAY.

We guarantee to grow hair on the bald head without exception, by means of Instructor or Hair Food. Famous stamp-collection free. F. B. PACKARD & CO., Dept. 1, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Send for this

Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press $5. Small Newspaper Printing Outfit $18. Newspaper Print for others, big profits. Everything easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps to factory for catalog of presses, type, cards, &c. THE PRESS CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

PIANO AND SINGING LESSONS AT HOME

No teacher necessary. Complete instruction enables you to read music easily with voice and play your own accompaniment on piano or organ. Graphic descriptions represent the sounds. Thousands of pupils in all parts of the world. Lessons postpaid. Complete course with exercises and postpaid, $1.00. Latest music at wholesale prices. Piano, 5 octave, $97. Regular Price, $150. Catalogue free. Address, PIANO MUSIC CO., 1 Bible House, NEW YORK.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FINAL NOTICE

ADVANCE—Notice is hereby given to The Gold Bond Investment Co. that its contract as financing agent for the Gold Bond Mines Consolidated, owning The Pure Gold Mines Co., expires Dec. 31, 1905, at which time it retires from the management. It will not be withdrawn from the market, however, as we have a large additional allotment of shares to be issued before that date, as well as various selling plans, and as K. C. deed treasury reserve, active working, Cripple Creek district, ten mine already out; ore developed; no more time payments, best bank references. Write now or a few shares of these will be subscribed for at advance prices. Address
GOLD BOND INV. CO., 720 MACK BLDG., DENVER, COLO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System.
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can correspond with your lover, friend or business man on subjects you do not want anyone to be found out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A NEW ORDER.

We've formed a new society—
The Order of the Smiling Face;
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth droop down;
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show;
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seem a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower,
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;
Make up your mind to join today.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—St. Nicholas.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Elmer—Papa, is it always damp where they raise mushrooms?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Elmer—Is that why they look like umbrellas?

Teacher—Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale?

Johnny—Whalebone.

Teacher—Right. Now, Tommy, what do we get from the cow?

Tommy—Sealing wax.

Mamma—Harry, you have again failed to do as you were told. I'm afraid that everything I tell you goes in at one ear and out at the other.

Harry—Well, mamma, why don't you stop one of 'em up?

Edgar, aged 5, was taken in to see his new baby brother. After walking around him several times and viewing him critically, he finally said: "Mamma, don't you think we had better get a wig for that kid like grandpa's?"

"Now, Minnie," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what happened to Lot's wife?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Minnie. "She was always running over with the neighbors and one day when she got too fresh God came down and put her in a sack of salt."

Harry—Mamma, I dreamed last night that you had lost the nursery and scolded me.

Mamma—Indeed! And what did I say?

Harry—Why, you ought to know, mamma. You were there and did all the talking.

He Was not Afraid.

"Why, Willie," said his uncle, "I didn't think you would be afraid to go to bed without a light."

"Huh, I ain't afraid!" declared Willie. "I just don't see how to go to sleep in the dark."

Essential.

Ida—My father gave me an automobile.

May—And does he still give you pin money?

Ida—No, fine money.

WILLIE VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.

I wish I could live out here,
Where there are hills to climb,
And where a boy can slide down like
A flash in winter time;
Where they are drifts to tumble in
And ponds to skate upon—
I wish my Cousin John was me
An' I was Cousin John.

I'd like to have a colt to ride
And lambs an' things to pet,
With apples in the cellar, and
Drink milk that's steamin' yet.
I'd like to live where I could whoop
Around with all my might
And never have to be afraid
A cop would come in sight.

It's jolly sitting in the sled
When uncle drives to town,
And lets the horses walk up hill
And makes them gallop down.
It's jolly getting out behind,
Sometimes, and hanging on—
I wish my Cousin John was me
And I was Cousin John.

JOHNNY VISITING IN THE CITY.

I wish 'at I lived here, where things
Are all set at the door,
And where you see so many sights
You never saw before;
I'd like to ride in nice, warm cars
That whiz along the street,
Instead of in a bobsled, where
You nearly freeze your feet.

They never have no wood to chop,
Nor cows nor sheep to tend;
They never have to stop
To where the pigs are penned;
They never carry water from
A well that's far away,
Nor every night and morning feed
The stock a ton of hay.

They never have no cows to milk,
Nor other chores to do,
And every time they turn around
They look in a store now;
There's always lots that's going on,
The streets are never still—
I wish that Cousin Will was me,
And I was Cousin Will.

WINTER TIME.

Feller never 'preciates
Summer till it's Fall,
When the leaves upon the dead vines,
An' the trees is stripped and tall.
When the skies is bright an' sunny,
Long afore th' flowers is dead,
Feller never 'preciates
The's Winter time ahead.

Feller never 'preciates
Youth until he's old,
When the frost's upon his gray head,
An' his leaves is in th' gold.
When he's traveling in th' hey-dey
Of his life, afore the breed
Is nigh run out, he doesn't think
O' Winter time ahead.

'Member in the summer time,
That's th' time for you,
When the sun is shinin' brightest
An' the skies is clear as' blue,
Be happy when th' trees is green,
'Fore the flowers is dead;
The's chilli an' frost a-comin'
In th' Winter time ahead.

RHEUMATISM

Cured Through the Feet

Thousands Are Being Cured at Home Every Month by This New Discovery, Which is Sent to Everybody to

TRY FREE—PAY WHEN SATISFIED.

The son of S. J. Pearce, health officer of New Westminster, B. C., had rheumatism so badly that he couldn't walk alone. Magic Foot Drafts cured him in a week.

Mrs. Mary Patrick, Watertown, N. Y., for more than a year couldn't get up from her chair. Magic Foot Drafts cured her.

The Drafts cured Z. H. Palmer of Pittsburg, Pa., who had suffered twenty-eight years.

H. C. Van Valkenburg, Providence, R. I., writes: "I don't believe any person ever had muscular rheumatism as bad as I have had it and recovered so quickly, for which I thank your Magic Foot Drafts."

Letters from the above and many thousands of other cured patients are on file in our offices where anyone can see them.

TRADE MARK
MAGIC

We want the name and address of every sufferer from rheumatism. Write us today. Return mail will bring you—free to try—a pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan discovery which is curing all kinds of rheumatism, chronic or acute. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from the Drafts, send us one dollar, if not, keep your money. **You decide.**

The Drafts are worn on the feet because the largest pores are there; but they cure rheumatism in every part of the body—to stay cured—because they absorb the acid impurities from the blood through the pores, and reach the entire nervous system through the extremely sensitive nerve centers of the feet. Don't suffer needlessly, but send your name today to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 824 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. The Drafts, together with our splendid new free book on rheumatism, will come by return mail, without a penny—only your name. Write today.

PATENTS PROTECT YOUR IDEAS. Cyclopedia Patent Law, Forms, Examination, Advice, Free. HIGH ESTEEM, Washington, D. C. Patents procured.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

916 CARDS 916 Fancy Gold EMBOSS, 916 Fine Silk Fringe, Hidden Name, Floral Verse, Gilt Edge, Hand Painted Floral Cards, Premium and 3 Agents Outfits Samples Free. Chicago, Ill. All for 8 Cents. CHEWY & GALE CO., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wireless. Fall automatic Sender. Five styles, $5 up. THE STANDARD CO., Desk 12, 39 Cortlandt St., N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BEST FRUIT PAPER

Is the one that tells you how to grow fruit. Ours tells you how to grow fruit and how to market it. Ours is the only paper that has a special fruit department. Ours is the only paper that has a special poultry department. Ours is the only paper that has a special bee department. Ours is the only paper that has a special veterinary department. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the children. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the ladies. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the boys. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the girls. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the men. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the women. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the old people. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the young people. Ours is the only paper that has a special department for the middle aged people